

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. VIII.

JULY 1851.

PART XLIII.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FOR IRELAND.

It is not often that a project is started in which those who have no peculiarly personal concern can feel so deep an interest as every enlightened Catholic must entertain in the projected Irish Catholic University. Side by side with the question of education, every other question is just now comparatively unimportant. On the education of the boys and youths of England and Ireland hangs the future of our destiny. Speaking humanly, the prosperity of the Catholic Church in England is bound up with the education of her young ecclesiastics, and the progress of her schools for the poor. But in Ireland the crisis is still more momentous. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say, that the very preservation of the faith in Ireland, *as a nation*, depends upon the energetic culture of the intellect of the middle and upper classes in *immediate* connexion with the truth of divine revelation.

This seems a strong statement; but it is impossible to note the signs of the times, and not admit that at least it *may be* the exact, unexaggerated truth. Ireland, be it remembered, possesses a class of the laity, not only far more numerous than the corresponding class among English Catholics, but far more exposed to the perils which Catholic education alone can counteract, and by natural character more open to the assaults of the tempter than we on this side of the Channel. With all the accessions to the Catholic middle and upper classes in England by the conversions of the last five or six years, the intelligent and educated portion of their laity bears an extremely small numerical ratio to their entire body. Stretching the line of what may fairly be considered as the educated classes to the widest limits, and bringing it down from the ducal peerage to the better class of tradesmen, after all, the intellectual strength of English Catholicism owes little to its

numbers. Exactly to compare these classes with those who answer to them in Ireland is of course impossible, even to those best informed. Still we shall perhaps be scarcely wrong if we estimate the number of young Catholic laity who require education of the highest kind as at least five times as large as the similar ranks in England. An accurate investigation might possibly shew a still wider disparity. The Irish middle and upper classes might amount to ten, fifteen, or twenty times as many as those in the English Catholic body. Whatever be the precise ratio, however, it is certain that the educational necessities of Catholic Ireland are enormously more urgent than those of Catholic England, so far as numbers alone are concerned.

Then contrast the characters and circumstances of the two countries, and see how fearfully imperative becomes the need of an Irish Catholic University. In the first place, it will not be denied by any Irishman, and it is admitted by many a Protestant Englishman, that the ancient Irish love for "learning," or "scholarship," or "knowledge," or by whatever name the desire be termed, has survived 300 years' influence of the most cunningly devised system for enthralling the soul which was ever hit upon by the enemies of almighty God and his Church. Every body grants that in days of old an absolute passion for learning existed in Ireland; and that it exists still, and is the most potent instrument conceivable for good or for evil, we think few well-informed persons will be inclined to doubt. A "school," in any shape, has a charm for the Irish heart, as well as the Irish head, which our adversaries know too well not to attempt to work upon, and in which they, *or we*, will assuredly find the elements of victory in the strife that ever rages between the world and the Church.

Yet how is this ardent tendency met by existing circumstances and institutions? First of all, the Catholic youth of Ireland are far more exposed to the perils resulting from intercourse with Protestant society than the Catholic youth of England. Here in this country our boys and young men associate for the most part with Catholics only. With many grievous exceptions in tradesmen's families, and of course not including the poor (of whom we are not now speaking), the young Catholic mind of England receives a cultivation, both in school and in domestic life, which, whatever its merits or shortcomings, is at least a Catholic culture. A Catholic gentleman, or respectable person in business, who has been brought up at a Protestant seminary is a rarity. Our colleges and private schools are abundantly sufficient for our needs; and the ban which in private society has drawn, in most cases, so rigid a

line between Catholics and Protestants, has had at least this one great blessing, that the atheism, the infidelity, the heresies, and the immoralities of Protestantism are kept comparatively out of sight from the young heart and head at the time when they are most ductile to every kind of example and impression.

In Ireland this almost total separation between the two creeds has been rendered impossible by the immense preponderance of the Catholic population. The Protestant government and the Protestant society of Ireland *could not* ignore their Catholic fellow-countrymen as Protestant England has ignored us. The statesmen who in London cared no more for a Catholic bishop than for a Methodist preacher, in Dublin pressed all their civilities upon the prelates of the popular religion. And as it was in Dublin Castle, so in its degree has it been throughout every class in the community. The Catholic religion is *something* in Ireland; its adherents are *somebody*; they are admissible to dinners and drawing-rooms and club-rooms, without undergoing the penalty of a compulsory silence on the nature of their faith, which is the usual condition of the *entrée* into English society.

Yet all this is perhaps little in comparison with the mischief wrought by the influence of Trinity College, Dublin, and by the fewness of thoroughly Catholic seminaries for the education of the laity. What institution can be conceived more deadly in its operations on the young intellect of Ireland than this "silent sister" of Oxford and Cambridge? Silent, indeed, she may have been; but the poniard is as fatal as the bullet, though it strikes noiselessly to the heart. Thanks be to God, the Protestantism of England has shut out Catholics from Oxford, and, with few exceptions indeed, from Cambridge also. No Catholic footstep treads on the desecrated pavements where Wykeham and Waynflete knelt; and some two or three unhappy youths are the only victims of parental ignorance who are sent to learn vice and mathematics on the banks of the Cam. It is in Ireland, in this respect as in so many others, that the *cunning* of the enemy of the Church has planned its masterpieces for the entrapping of souls into his meshes. Trinity College, Dublin, has done infinitely more to destroy the faith of Catholics than all the artillery that ever was fired from the batteries of the forty colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Endowed with riches for its president and fellows far beyond any thing that exists in the English University; admitting Catholics to its classes and its degrees, but not to its emoluments; it has never ceased to combine the utmost practicable amount of seducing temptation with the utmost practicable amount of open injury.

The species of "liberality," and even respect, which in certain points of discipline, and in the intercourse of private life, is frequently conceded to the Catholic students, serves only to prepare the way for the operation of the poisonous atmosphere they are compelled to breathe. Were they daily insulted and scorned for their faith, there would result at least this counterbalancing advantage, that their suspicions would be aroused as to the true character of the teaching to which they listened; and as a mere point of honour they would retain their religion in spite of all the offers of reward for apostacy which the College revenues hold forth.

As it is, however, every thing is done which may blind the eyes of Catholic parents and students to the pernicious and anti-Catholic character of the instruction to which the young mind is subjected. As in the case of the condemned Queen's Colleges, so in the case of Trinity College, it is impossible that the Catholics who have permitted their children to enter into it can have given sufficient attention to the *necessarily* anti-Catholic character of all education in the hands of those who are not good Catholics themselves. If, then, these pages should fall into the hands of any Catholic father who has been inclined to accept the education of Trinity College as not *absolutely* evil, or to regard the Queen's Colleges with favour, as though not the best possible, yet better than no colleges at all, we most earnestly entreat him to take into consideration this one single truth, that in giving instruction on any one subject in which *man* is concerned, it is literally impossible to avoid all mention of religion, and consequently that it is equally impossible for a non-Catholic teacher to avoid teaching that which is anti-Christian and false. This momentous truth has, in fact, been studiously kept out of sight by the advocates of purely secular or of mixed education both in Ireland and in England. A hue and cry has been raised against theological "bigots," Catholic and Anglican, as being so simple as to object to a Protestant's teaching spelling, or an infidel's instructions in *Euclid*. Is not education, cries the popular voice, something more extensive than the teaching of religious dogmas? and why, in the name of common sense, should not Catholic and Protestant youths sit in the same lecture-room to study trigonometry and learn the import of Greek particles? Does not this bigotry, continues the enlightened liberal, betray the hostility of every priesthood to intellectual culture; and the tendency of every dogmatic creed to cramp the energies of the soul, and bind us down to the slavish ignorance of darker ages? Thus reason the friends of mixed education; and thus they taunt the Pope

and the Archbishop of Tuam, as men whose hostility to these new Colleges *must* spring solely from a dread of the real culture of the intellect, lest that culture should open the young mind to the follies of the faith of Rome.

Yet what is the fact as to *all* education? Is it not the most transparent of falsehoods to identify instruction in mathematics and languages with the education conferred even in the most superficial of schools? Is it not the most palpable of facts that a large proportion of the instruction every where given refers directly or indirectly to *man*, with all his passions, feelings, ideas, and actions, as they have been in every age, and still are, in ceaseless daily operation? Who ever dreams of teaching nothing but mathematics, physical science, and languages, to the young? Where is the school or college where nothing is uttered on such matters as history, or poetry, or fiction, or general literature, or the arts, or metaphysics, or moral philosophy, or political economy, or government? and what are all these things but the knowledge of what man is, and what he does, and what he thinks and feels? And is it not at the same time the most prominent fact in the records of mankind, that never can you study *man* without introducing religion in some shape or other? To pretend that by excluding professedly ecclesiastical history you exclude all questions between different creeds, is simply ridiculous. There is scarcely a book in existence, not treating on mere science or language, which is not more or less religious or anti-religious. *Either* truth or falsehood is implied, and openly taught. When God and his attributes and his revelation are excluded, that exclusion is an inculcation of practical atheism. You cannot separate man from his religion, for this simple cause, that he never has been separated from it, either in the way of obedience or resistance to the truth.

Take, for instance, the history of England, and see whether it be *possible* to give instruction in English history without either upholding or denying the truth of Catholicism. You might as well try to teach geometry and avoid all mention of circles and triangles, as teach the history of England without implying either that the Catholic faith is true or false. Open *any* historical treatise that comes first to hand, and see if a few pages do not betray the Catholicism, the Protestantism, or the atheism or scepticism of the writer. Let a man try his utmost to be fair and candid (as people call it) to all religions, the thing is totally out of his power. He *cannot* view all creeds and their adherents with an equally unbiased judgment; he cannot help perpetually applying that test to their actions which he himself conscientiously believes to be the correct test;

he cannot help supplying motives, and interpreting conduct, and filling up vacant spaces, in accordance with what his own faith, or his own unbelief, teaches him to be probable under any particular circumstances. There is no such thing as a non-religious history, or non-religious moral philosophy or metaphysics, or non-religious works in general literature. They all inculcate, silently or openly, *some* views respecting almighty God and the duties of man.

Here, then, is the true source of the deadly nature of such education as is to be gained in the Queen's Colleges and in Trinity College, Dublin. The evil lies not in the association of Protestants and Catholics in the lecture-room, or in the teaching of algebra and Latin by Protestants or atheists, or in the appointment of the professors by a Protestant or infidel government. Every one of these points might be given up, and yet the seminaries remain every whit as godless and anti-Catholic as they are now. These are not the grounds on which the Holy See has condemned the Queen's Colleges, though the English government takes good care to make it appear that these *are* the grounds on which the Pope has pronounced. The mischief lies in this, that the general teaching of the students is in the hands of men who are not Catholics, and who therefore *must*, by the very laws of human nature itself, instil falsehood into the minds of those under their instruction.

We appeal to any man who has had experience of the practical results of the teaching of any seminary in the whole world, which has professed to exclude religious dogma, in order to admit students of different creeds. There is University College, London; Trinity College, Dublin (where the system is *partly* professed); the University of Paris; and the whole host of German Universities. Will any man who *knows* these places pretend that the whole influence of the studies pursued and enforced has not been to destroy all faith in the Catholic religion, and even all belief in the existence of any dogmatic revelation whatsoever? Is it not undeniable that the faith of a young Catholic would be *more* subtly undermined at University College, London, than at Oxford or Cambridge?

And further still, it is of a piece with the ordinary shallowness of infidelity, to assume that differences in *doctrine* are the only things which distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant, and allege that if these can be avoided, they may all agree as to *morals*, properly so called. This assumption and allegation are totally untrue; Catholic morality is not identical, even in theory, with Protestant morality. Protestants, even the best of them, think many things allowable, if not absolutely

innocent, which we know to be immoral, and even to be mortal sins.

And will any man who knows the young mind pretend that it is safe to set before it the events of past history, the conduct of the personages whose acts it records, or to familiarise it with the general prose or verse writings of any age or country, without accompanying them with a thoroughly Christian criticism on their *moral* aspects? Who that knows the workings of the young intelligence will deny that from the earliest years children begin to form a judgment on the moral character of every person, and on the moral bearings of every event, of which they hear and read? Is it to be endured, then, that the works of writers who are generally Pagans, and rarely Catholics, shall be studied, at the most perilous period of life, under the guidance of men compared to many of whom the heathen Greeks were persons of piety and purity? Why, there is not one Protestant teacher out of twenty, and perhaps not one rationalistic teacher in existence, who would not laugh and jeer at the precautions for the preservation of the innocence of the young heart, which every Catholic thinks of importance indescribable. The non-Catholic world has, with few exceptions, absolutely no conception of the first rule in Catholic education, that the very knowledge of the existence and nature of vice should be kept from the young mind to the longest possible period. To those who know by experience what non-Catholic teaching is, it seems simply absurd to look to the average of the Protestant teachers as fit instructors for Catholic boys and youths, on moral grounds alone.

Moreover, it is not only in the school-room or lecture-room that the moral life of the young Catholic is undermined. We have no hesitation in asserting, that the immense majority of Protestant boys and young men are totally unfit companions for Catholic boys and youths in their hours of recreation. Undoubtedly there *are* exceptions, confined almost entirely to the case of those Protestants who have been brought up at home; but even in these instances a total ignorance of the sinfulness of some sins is nearly universal. If they have tolerably correct ideas on the law of purity, they have radically unchristian ideas on the law of charity. As to the overwhelming majority of young Protestants, you might as well place *Don Juan* on the school-room shelves as permit your sons to associate freely with *them*. If any of our readers who have been brought up Catholics doubt this, we entreat them to put the question to any intelligent convert, who can compare his knowledge of the morality of the two creeds, and he will confirm what we now say, when we assert that the *worst*-disciplined Catholic College

is far better in point of moral influence than the *best* of Protestant seminaries.

Our objections, therefore, to mixed education, whether at the Queen's Colleges, or Trinity College, Dublin, or elsewhere, we confess go beyond a dissatisfaction with the creed of tutors and professors. We believe all unrestrained intercourse between Catholics and non-Catholics in their boyhood and youth to be, with rare exceptions, fraught with peril to the souls of the former. For no educational advantages whatsoever would we tolerate it; and we are convinced that few good Catholic parents, if they knew the real facts of the case, would be of a different opinion.

Such, then, are the dangers to which the youth of Ireland, warm-hearted, intelligent, and sensitive to ridicule as they are, are now more than ever exposed. Is such a state of things to be borne with, when the opportunity has come for throwing around them the most powerful of safeguards, by offering them an education at once intellectually excellent and thoroughly Catholic? That many Catholics should have hitherto overlooked the evils of the Trinity-College education, and should have been reluctant to refuse the government offer of the new Queen's Colleges, when the Catholic Church herself had little enough to put in their place, was perhaps natural, though (in our judgment) most erroneous. But that any good Catholic who *knows the enormous influence of education*, should now hesitate to lend all possible support to the proposed Irish Catholic University, and that, with the special object of destroying the baneful power of the Colleges at Dublin, Cork, Galway, and Belfast, appears to our ideas scarcely credible.

The happy influence of a Catholic University, such as it is very possible to make this coming institution, would be, we are persuaded, incalculable; and its effects would not be confined to Ireland only. No doubt the bare existence of a Catholic University, irrespective of its particular merits, would be far enough from doing for the youth of Ireland all that they now so imperatively demand. Remembering the formidable obstacles and rivals it will have to encounter, the most sanguine must see that the *complete* success of the new institution will depend upon its thorough efficiency as a school for meeting the utmost desires which the ardour of the young mind can reasonably conceive. Mediocrity might not be, indeed, its absolute ruin; but it would infallibly be an unconquerable hinderance to its counteracting the pernicious effects of those rivals who are in previous possession of the field. Counting the power and influence of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges at their lowest, it is mere folly to overlook

the seducing temptations they offer, and the resistance they will not fail to put forth to a Catholic University. Trinity College has all the advantages of *prestige*, of an established reputation, of a system fully at work, and of a respectable degree of talent and learning, backed by endowments of unexampled magnificence. The Queen's Colleges have all the array of "liberalism" ready put forth to tempt the unwary. The Government pets them, and rewards their supporters. Buildings and professors innumerable are prepared; and the endowments, unlike those in Dublin, are professedly open to Catholics as well as to Protestants; while there is little doubt that the Government would rejoice beyond measure to confer a bountiful reward on every young Catholic, who, if he did not actually apostatise to Protestantism, yet scorned the spirit of Catholic obedience, and boasted of his contempt for the mandates of the Archbishop of Tuam. Formidable, therefore, will be the foes to the new University; and we may rest assured that they will not yield it the victory without a vehement resistance.

All this, however, proves only one point, that the University must not underrate the magnitude of its task, or leave one stone unturned in its efforts to render its training of first-rate excellence. All it goes to shew is, the necessity of thoroughly considering the general system to be pursued, by a careful examination of the various existing Universities in different parts of England and the continent of Europe, and of confiding the carrying out of its founders' designs to men who are capable, both by their personal character and attainments, and by their enlarged and Catholic views of education, to confer that perfect *training* of the young mind of Ireland which the necessities of the day so loudly call for.

One other point, indeed, will demand the most serious consideration, viz. the question of endowments. Backed as are the Protestant and unbelieving Colleges with a vast storehouse of fellowships and scholarships, it appears to a looker-on to be of the first moment to found the new University on the old Catholic and mediæval model, so far as fellowships and scholarships are concerned. To mention a single instance. We all know how wonderfully Oxford, when it was a Catholic University, supplied the intellectual wants of its day, and how the system on which it was founded and carried out accomplished for England that very aim which the new University proposes to attain for Ireland. At one time we are told that there were as many as thirty thousand scholars *at once* in Oxford, boys and youths of every degree, some partly supported by endowments, some wholly so, others dependent on

their own means alone, some permanently resident, others occasionally so, but all drawn together by two potent attractions: the one, the unquestionable excellence of the education to be acquired; and the other, the aid given to poor scholars by the revenues of the various Colleges and Halls.

And why should not such days be restored again in Ireland? Long before Oxford's glories began to shine, Ireland was renowned through Europe as a country of rare learning and genius. The sun of Oxford's glory has set in the dark morass of Protestantism; the fame of Ireland has faded amidst the horrors of intestine commotion, foreign conquest, and English persecution. But the *life* still remains in Ireland; in Oxford it is extinct. Why, then, should not we see in our own time ardent scholars crowding from all parts of Ireland to the new seminary, confident that the intellectual training they will receive will be no whit inferior to the very best that the schools of the enemies of the Church can confer; and rejoicing in the knowledge that there at least that faith on which eternity depends will not be undermined, and that they will not be taught to win renown among their fellow-men at the expense of incurring the everlasting wrath of their Creator and their God?

The unbelieving world, we know, looks upon such an institution as an impossibility. Utterly ignorant of the Catholic Church, they fancy that the Catholic priesthood and prelates of Ireland are lovers of ignorance, and haters of science and learning, even beyond the ordinary class of priests and prelates. At this moment it is certain that a large majority of respectable Englishmen are convinced that the Archbishop of Armagh believes the sun to be somewhere about six yards in diameter: and this is but a specimen of Protestant notions respecting Catholic love for intellectual culture. With these ideas, therefore, they smile at the very supposition of an Irish Catholic University, which should beat the Queen's Colleges out of the field by the mere force of the excellence of the education it would bestow.

We, of course, knowing that the facts respecting the influence of Catholicism on the intelligence is the very reverse of the popular English theory, entertain very different anticipations regarding the new University. We know that the Catholic religion fears nothing from the exercise of the intellect, and that as a matter of fact the prelates and priesthood of Ireland would almost sing with joy at the sight of an Irish Catholic University, in which every faculty of the young intelligence was cultivated to a degree beyond that of any non-Catholic seminary in existence. We fear only one species of

knowledge and one species of intellectual development, *superficial* knowledge and a tendency to *rash* judgments. But we know too well the perfect harmony which exists between *all* the works of almighty God, both his works of nature and of grace; we know too well that the intellect is a portion of our nature given to us by Him for the very purpose of being employed; we know this too well to fear that any profound knowledge of earth will lead us astray respecting heaven, or that the more our poor faculties are strengthened by culture, the less worthy will be the offering of faith which they make to the God who called them into being.

In fact, it is an idle dream to imagine that Catholics, as such, are afraid of education. We venture to assert, that, speaking generally, the idea that intellectual cultivation tends to pervert the young to Protestantism or infidelity is utterly unknown to them. We are far enough, indeed, from pretending that English and Irish Catholics are always as much alive as they ought to be to the necessity of thoroughly educating all classes amongst us. But we do declare, that where this apathy exists, it does not arise from the fear of turning Catholics to Protestantism or unbelief; it is a mere feature of that dull, heavy, idle, uninformed Toryism, or Conservatism, or jealousy of the poor, or call it what you will, which is found in every country, age, and creed. It is a political and not a religious view. It is based on a love for high rents and aristocratic distinctions, and the good old days of Mr. Pitt, when the titled and the wealthy were the lords of this empire to an extent now almost forgotten. People who are ill-educated themselves are frequently excessively annoyed at finding the coming generation very much better taught than they were. A stupid man has often a strong belief in the virtues of stupidity; and ladies and gentlemen whose whole resources for recreation consist in reading the newspaper, playing at whist, going to the Opera, or talking gossip, cannot conceive what a working man has to do with politics, or Latin, or trigonometry. Of course, the Catholic body has its full share of such anti-educationists as these, like every other body in the whole world. But to say that the Catholic *priesthood* are more inclined to these views than the Catholic *laity*; or that the more devout a Catholic becomes, the more he is inclined to dislike education, is simply untrue.

With the deepest interest, then, and with the most earnest anticipations, we watch the progress of the Catholic University for Ireland; and with a proportionate delight we see the ever-increasing proofs that one difficulty at least—the money difficulty—is tolerably sure to be overcome. The game is clearly

in the hands of the chief promoters and managers of the undertaking. They *can* accomplish their noble work; and in spite of every obstacle and every enemy, we trust that they will lay the foundations of Ireland's future prosperity and faith so deep and wide, that no weapon formed against her shall prosper, and her new celebrity shall rival her fame in the brightest days of her past career.

STATE ENCROACHMENTS ON THE CHURCH BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

"THE Bridegroom," said Cardinal Wiseman, in a very remarkable sermon recently delivered in London, "the Bridegroom is ever speaking to His beloved Bride, the Church." This great Catholic truth was urged by the preacher with the special view of exposing the doctrinal error involved in all mere antiquarian revivalism of any of the externals of religion, based on any thing approaching to a censure of the living Church of the last three centuries. Had the course of his Eminence's argument led him in the direction, we can easily imagine the fertility of illustration with which he would have shewn how strikingly the Bridegroom's never-silent voice is responded to by another prince, who whispers unceasingly his suggestions to those who will listen to him, in the hope that he may stifle the divine words of love and guidance which are so hateful in his ears.

Variable, indeed, as are the outward circumstances of the Church, it is of the greatest moment that we never forget, that as her life and the source of her life never know change, so her struggle with the world and its master are ever in nature and spirit identical. The double-minded, the unstable, the timid, the time-serving, the compromising, the lovers of kings more than of popes, have been found among Catholics in every age; and it is only by tracing the history of the mischief they have wrought ever since the birth of Christianity, that we can altogether escape from needless despondency at the sight of our own present difficulties, within and without. The regret which has been felt by some amongst us at the interference (as they call it) of the Pope in the affairs of England and Ireland, is but the carrying out of views which worked in England for centuries before the Reformation, and which will work so long as man is man. For they are emi-

nently *natural* views; that is to say, they are *human*; they are according to the tendencies of human nature; they are the contradictions to the Bridegroom's voice which proceed from the mouth of his enemy and ours, and they have existed among Catholics in every country and in every age. Put broadly and boldly these ideas, and their real ultimate tendency and effect might be expressed in a pithy sentence from the orations of Protestant members of Parliament: "the *spiritual* should be *subservient* to the *temporal*!" Of course, Catholics can scarcely *profess* such a principle; but with the inconsistency of human nature, they may nevertheless practically act upon it. Many *Anglicans* would not *profess* the principle; yet, as Mr. Sidney Herbert said (in the course of the debate), in this country people have generally, with a Church in abject slavery to the State, lost all idea of a purely *spiritual* episcopate; and in the proportion in which the Church was controlled by the State, the same effect in some degree was produced when the country was Catholic. It is only to the unconscious infection of this Erastianism it can be ascribed that any English Catholics should have ever conceived any thing so monstrous as the idea of the creation of a Catholic hierarchy being conditional on the consent of the Crown! It must not be forgotten, however, that the same process of confusion and obscuration as to the purely spiritual character of the Church, and of its utter superiority to aught human or earthly, is certainly found of old working in the mind of Catholic England; and Catholics should understand the true character of the principles and ideas they thus either avowedly advocate or insensibly imbibe,—which they may best come to understand by observing their rise, progress, and results in our own ecclesiastical history. Those who advocate them try to avail themselves of the authority or example of Catholics at former times in the history of this country, and say, "See what was the control claimed and maintained by the Crown over the Church even in the ages of faith."

Passing for the present the difference between a *Catholic* and a *Protestant* sovereign, and the distinction between what is claimed or even *enforced* by the State, or is acquiesced in by the Church, and what is *acknowledged* by the Church as *rightfully* claimed by the State, it is of more importance to observe, that these principles and ideas arose in Catholic England contemporaneously with corruptions and abuses; and ultimately resulted in "reformation," or rather in separation. This is what we propose to prove; that the views and ideas of those who now stickle for some control of the temporal over the spiritual, or who scruple at the perfect

freedom and superiority of the spiritual over the temporal, are really those which were consummated and embodied in the Reformation; but were in constant, though often insensible antagonism to the Church for centuries *before* the Reformation; and that their triumph was *in* the Reformation. We shall shew that all along there was (at least since the Conquest) a contest between the Church and the Crown; the struggle being on the part of the Crown to secure a control over the Church; and the *pretence* being that the Crown had *endowed* the Church; the *real reason* being, that it was found and felt to be *inconvenient* to the State, that the spiritual should be independent of the temporal, simply because the spiritual and the temporal are at variance by the law of their nature, the State representing the one, as the Church does the other. History too, it will be seen, shews that they are antagonistic elements; and that the State—that is to say, the “world”—being “of the earth, earthy,”—embodying what is secular and selfish, must ever, by an eternal law, be “at enmity” with the Church; and seek to subject to itself the divine power, whose very presence is a restraint and a reproach to its own coarser character. Nor let any deem this language too strong; for it is (in substance) the language, not of obsolete canonists, but of that sage of our common law, whom even Coke revered and venerated,—it is the language of Bracton, who says: “To the Church belongs the spiritual, to the State the temporal; just as it is written, the *heaven* is the Lord’s, the *earth* hath He given to the sons of men.”

It is indeed chiefly from our *legal* history that we propose to shew the constant endeavours of the State, *i. e.* the secular power, to encroach upon the Church, that is, the spiritual; commencing with protection; proceeding to a claim of *control*; then passing on to domination; and consummating its progress by *destruction*; the principle of the encroachments being identical with, and inevitably tending to, schism and separation, *i. e.* the human opposing itself to the divine. In a pamphlet recently published on the Hierarchy,* it has been proved that these endeavours *are* encroachments, and were by the law of this country *considered* so; and were therefore, before the Reformation, not established, nor successful; but that *then* they became established by *law*; embodied with royal, as opposed to the Papal supremacy; and that so soon as this was settled as to the Established Church, she ceased to be Catholic, and became Protestant. It will here be shewn, however,—and it is most important that it should be observed,—that this principle of evil was working in the

* “The Catholic Hierarchy vindicated by the Law.” Dolman.

country for ages previously; (from the period when the Crown first acquired any sort of control over the Church;) and that it was ever and anon displaying itself in some aggression on the Church; and that the pretext put forward in its favour was, that the spiritual had temporal incidents which the State must control; and to control which, it must in some degree indirectly control the spiritual, so far at least as the State deems necessary for the object. And it will be seen that before the Reformation there was a constant and unsuccessful struggle on the part of the State to reconcile this course with its recognition of the superiority of the Church in spirituals; and that at the Reformation the more logical, and more consistent and successful policy, was adopted of proclaiming the temporal superior to the spiritual.

It will be shewn that this was, in fact, only a logical development of the principle previously contended for by the State, which really implied that the thing to be considered and provided for as primary and paramount was, that the Crown should control the temporal; and that it was a thing of less moment that the Church should control the *spiritual*. For from that principle it followed, that if in any case the Crown could not completely control the temporal without interfering with the spiritual, the spiritual must yield; and that the State must be the supreme judge of this supposed necessity. We shall shew that, though before the Reformation the principle was always admitted that the Church should control spirituals (just as it may now be admitted by many Anglicans, and by all Catholics, however inclined to Erastianism), yet it was not always admitted that this was to be deemed the primary and paramount consideration, and that the Church was to judge what was of spiritual cognizance. So that if the temporal claim clashed with it, the temporal claim must *yield*; and at all hazards the authority of the Church be preserved pure, entire, and intact over the spiritual. And this was not admitted exactly from the same feelings and ideas on which it was afterwards denied; and which—that is to say, the underrating and disregarding the paramount importance of the spiritual authority of the Church, and the supremacy of the Holy See,—resulted, with all the rapidity and certainty of a clear logical sequence in the Reformation.

Now in the Anglo-Saxon age, when the Catholic Church first won the nation to the faith, the Church and her episcopate were considered at all events for ages as purely spiritual. Thus was the episcopate regarded, whether in respect to the *source* or the *exercise* of its authority, *i. e.* as to the power of appointment to the episcopate, or as to the performance of

its sacred and supernatural functions; in the conferring of pastoral jurisdiction; the consecrating to episcopal dignity, or the excommunicating from the body of the faithful. All this was considered by the State as simply *spiritual*, and of exclusively spiritual cognizance that is, in the hands of the Church, and of the Holy See as her head. It could scarcely be otherwise when the English Church and episcopate had been known in its origin to be of spiritual character and founded on Papal authority.

Pope Gregory wrote thus to St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, exactly in the same way in which Pope Pius wrote to the first Archbishop of Westminster:

“In regard to the new Church of the English, &c., we grant you the use of the pall, and that you in several places ordain twelve bishops, who shall be subject to your jurisdiction, &c. And we will have you send to the city of York such a bishop as you shall think fit to ordain; yet so as that, if that city shall receive the word of God, that bishop also shall ordain twelve bishops, and enjoy the honour of a metropolitan.”

And Pope Honorius wrote thus to the sovereign in regard to the first Archbishop of York:

“We have sent two palls to the two metropolitans, to the intent that when either of them shall be called out of this world, the other may, *by this authority of ours*, substitute another bishop in his place, which privilege *we* are induced to grant,” &c.

And in similar terms to the Archbishop himself:

“Pursuant to your *request* and that of the *king* (the requests of both being put on the same footing both as equally inferiors in spirituals), *we do in the name of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles, grant you authority*, that when either of you die, the other shall ordain a bishop in the room of him who is deceased; to which effect we have sent a pall to each of you, that *by the authority of this precept* you may,” &c.

So Pope Boniface wrote to the successor of St. Augustine:

“We send you the pall, *granting you to ordain bishops when there shall be occasion.*”

And thus he established indeed the see of Canterbury as metropolitan:

“We command that the metropolitanical see be for ever in the city of Canterbury, and that all provinces of England be subject to that Church.”*

* It was removed by Pope Adrian to Lichfield, and by Pope Leo restored to Canterbury. And the council of Clovestrie speaks thus of the latter act: “The Pope, *by his authority, ordained* that the dignity of the see of Canterbury should be restored in its integrity.”

And this is the language held equally to *Catholic* kings; even after some such partial endowments of particular churches as no doubt followed forthwith upon their conversion; and of which the following is the simple statement of history:

“Augustine Archbishop of Britain ordained two bishops, one at the city of London, where the king built a church, the other at Rochester, where also the king built a church, bestowing many gifts on the bishops of both those churches, as well as on that of Canterbury, *adding lands and possessions.*”

Here is the whole history of endowment, the rise and progress of Church establishment. The episcopate is first created by the Holy See; then the bishops, &c., appointed under the same authority; then the king endows the sees. And yet it is long ere we find the Crown claiming, and allowed by the Church, even mere right of *patronage*, *i. e.* (by reason of such endowments) the right of presentment.

It was recognised by the Anglo-Saxon law, that the Pope (or, under him, the Archbishop), and *not the king*, had power to convoke synods, and that these synods had (subject to the Pope's approval) authority to make binding regulations, recognised by the law, as to all things spiritual; the *Church herself deciding what was spiritual*, and deeming it to include the *establishment of new sees*. Thus we find in Bede that Theodore (the first primate of all England,) convenes a synod (at Hatfield), in the ‘acts’ of which he merely recites that it was in a certain year of the king's reign, and commences thus: “Theodore, by the grace of God Archbishop of the island of Britain and the city of Canterbury, *president.*”^{*} And so we read that in another synod it was decreed that the province of the South Saxons, which till then belonged to the diocese of the city of Winchester, should have an episcopal see and bishop of its own.[†] This is the more remarkable, when it is remembered that by this time the bishoprics were always endowed, notwithstanding which they were never created, nor was the creation controlled by the Crown; and after they had been created and endowed, the distinction between the spiritual and temporal was broadly drawn, and the Crown never interfered except as to the latter; and then always with the consent and concurrence of the Church. There are to be found in ancient Saxon charters very remarkable instances illustrative of this. One which we will cite from the Saxon Chronicle (A.D. 657), with regard to the monastery of Medeshemsted. We read that “when the monastery had been hallowed in the names of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Andrew, then the king stood up and said with a clear voice, ‘Thanked be the high almighty

^{*} C. xvii.

[†] C. xviii.

God for the worthy deed which here is done, and I will this day do honour to Christ and St. Peter. I do this day give to St. Peter, and the abbot and monks of this monastery, *these lands* freely, so that none but the abbot and monks shall have any claim on them. The gift is little, but it is my will that they shall hold it so royally and so freely, that *neither gold nor tribute shall be taken from it, except for the monks alone: and thus free* I will make the minster, that it be subject to Rome alone."

The king also granted that the abbot might build a minster: and the grant was written and subscribed with the sign of the cross by the king and bishops. It will be seen that in this charter (which was confirmed by the Pope), the king only professes to deal with the temporal, or to speak more strongly (and in these days more clearly), the *territorial*. And one reason why we particularly refer to and ask attention to this case is, to shew how, after the lapse of three centuries, when we find in the Saxon Chronicle (A.D. 963) the same grant confirmed, we shall see that the same principle is developed, although with certain ambiguities of expression, caused by, or calculated to create, ideas clear and less distinctly defined as to the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal: we read that the minster had been "destroyed by heathen men," but that hidden in the old walls, the writing (the charter) had been found, shewing "how the king had built the minster, and caused it to be freed against king and bishops,* and against all *secular services*: and how the Pope had *confirmed* the same." Then we read that the king caused the minster to be rebuilt, and gave the abbot a new charter, thus (A.D. 963):

"I, King Edgar, grant before God and Archbishop Dunstan," "freedom to St. Peter's *minster*," Medeshemsted (Peterborough), "from king and from bishop and all the *villages* which lie (adjacent) thereto: that no bishop have any command (*i. e.* over the *minster* or lands,) without the abbot; and I give the town called Oundle, with all that thereto lieth, and market and toll, so freely that neither king nor bishop have there any command," &c.

The king's part in the grant, it will be seen, is confined clearly to lands and temporalities; and even as to these the Archbishop joins his consent. Such charters as these are with unaccountable obtuseness often alluded to by Anglicans as proving that the Crown had a control over the authority of the episcopate; whereas they shew just the reverse; that so much more important was it deemed that the Church should be

* These words are not those in the old grant, but of equivocal import, though explained by the context.

supreme in spirituals, than that the Crown should be in temporals, that even in a charter, the scope and purview of which was "buildings," and "lands," and "tolls," and other things entirely temporal; yet, because they *pertained* to the Church, the Primate and the Bishop were joined and made parties. At the same time it is impossible not to see that by this time the spiritual was becoming *mixed up* with the temporal in men's minds, so that a phraseology is used (as already observed) of an ambiguous character, and implying that people had begun to think more of the temporalities attached to a bishopric than the bishopric itself, or the episcopate properly so called; for it was not the latter alone, but to the episcopate and its endowments that the term "bishopric" was applied; and afterwards it appears to be applied *only* to the *endowments*.

There is another charter of the same age affording a very useful illustration of these observations, a charter in which there is the same occasional ambiguity of expression; but on the whole, a recognition of the spiritual supremacy of the Church and the Holy See. Edgar grants to the "monastery of the holy Mother of God at Glastonbury, by the consent of the *bishops* and abbots, &c., certain privileges. The first is, that no person except a monk of the place shall be abbot, nor any other except such as the common consent of the house shall have chosen according to their rule. He had appointed also that the election of abbot shall be for ever in the monks, reserving only to himself and his heirs the power of *giving the pastoral staff to the elected brother*. He hath granted moreover, that as he himself decides in his own dominions, so the abbot and convent shall decide the causes of their entire island,* *in all matters ecclesiastical or secular*."

If this were the correct text of the charter, its terms would draw as great a deflection from the primitive purity of idea on the subject in the age in which the charter is granted, as in that in which it is recorded. But it is plain that more authentic mss. omit the above, and assert the following as the terms of the charter itself; whereas the above is only its supposed effect inaccurately stated. It recites that, "though the decrees of Pontiffs are fixed like the foundations of the mountains, yet, nevertheless, *through the storms and tempests of secular matters*, and the corruptions of reprobate men, the institutions of the Church of God are often convulsed and broken."

And then it proceeds thus:

"Dunstan, Archbishop, &c. *assenting*, I, Edgar, by the

* Glastonbury is situated on land which was once an island formed by stagnation of inland waters.

grace of God, king of the English, do establish that the monastery of the most blessed Mother of God, the eternal Virgin Mary, of Glastonbury, shall remain free and exonerated from all payments to the exchequer; and have toll, &c. as freely as I have in my kingdom; and the same liberty and power as I have in my own courts. Moreover, I *confirm* what has hitherto been *observed* by my predecessors, that the Bishop of Wells shall have no power over this monastery or its parish churches, nor cite their priests to synods or chapters, &c.; and by my authority, *saving the right of the holy Roman Church*, I inhibit all persons of whatever dignity from entering the bounds of Glastonbury for the purpose of holding courts, &c., and the abbot shall alone have power in *all causes*."

It is clear from the tenor of both versions of the charter that the king granted what was temporal, *i.e.* jurisdiction, in *all causes*—and it is plain, at all events, from the more authentic version, that as to what was spiritual, he only *upheld*, by his royal and temporal authority, the privileges of the abbey; so that in substance the case is quite in conformity with the principles previously spoken of. And let it be observed, that the charter was confirmed by the Pope, and that the Archbishop was party to it: and it is a clear rule of the law of England (of which there are daily illustrations), that, when two or more parties join in a grant, it takes effect according to the legal capacity of each; and each grants what he has *power* to grant, and no more; and that when one 'grants' and another 'confirms,' if he who grants has no power to grant, and he who confirms *has*, it is in law the grant of the *latter*. In the reign of Canute we find another charter to the same monastery, in which the king says (William of Malmesbury, A.D. 1032):

"I grant to the Church of the holy Mother of God at Glastonbury its rights and customs; and all *forfeitures* throughout its possessions, and that *its lands* shall be free from all claim and vexation as mine own are. Moreover, I inhibit any one from entering the island; but *all causes, ecclesiastical and secular*, shall await the sole judgment of the abbot."

The substance of this, as of the other royal charters, is clearly temporal in its scope and character. In that early age it is unreasonable to expect exact accuracy of expression, especially as there was generally the utmost *accordance* between the Crown and the Church, and the utmost mutual confidence and amity. The extent to which this accordance and amity between the Church and the State existed, and the extent to which the State recognised not only the spiritual

supremacy of the Church, but the superior and paramount importance of that supremacy, as compared with the temporal sovereignty of the Crown, must now be shewn by a review of the laws of our Anglo-Saxon kings.

The only records we possess of the laws of the Anglo-Saxons are the "Digests" of Christian kings; and of these the earliest is that of King Ina, who reigned in the seventh century. The very first sentence of this digest* expresses the whole spirit of the Anglo-Saxon law on the subject.

"First, we command that *God's servants rightly hold their lawful rule.*"

That is, the *secular* power supports the *spiritual*, by recognising its rule, and so far as respected any thing capable of enforcement by the secular power, by enforcing it; and of this one instance is—

"Let church-scots be rendered at Martinmas; and if any one do not perform that, let him forfeit 80 shillings, and render the church-scot fourfold."

The severity of the penalty sufficiently shews the sense entertained of the sacredness of whatever belonged to the Church. So, in another digest,† the "great men" decree,

"To the Church freedom from imposts."

None of these laws affect to *confer* on the Church any spiritual power, but simply to support her laws by the secular power; in other words, to make the secular laws run parallel with the spiritual, of which the episcopal synods were recognised as the sole arbiters. Thus, again, in the digest of King Alfred, it is recited,

"That there were many synods assembled among the English (after they had received the faith of Christ,) of holy bishops, and also of other exalted 'witan.' They then ordained a penalty for many human misdeeds."

So, in the laws of King Edmund,

"Edmund, king, makes known to all in his dominion, that he has deliberated with the council of the 'witan,' first, how he might most *promote* Christianity."

In every one of these digests the State only assumes to come *in aid* of the Church with *temporal* power. Thus, again, in the laws of King Edgar it is ordained,

"First, that God's churches be entitled to every right, and that every tithe be rendered to the old minster to which it belongs."

While, by the same monarch, it is distinctly declared, that the law spiritual was solely in the hands of the Church.

* Ancient Laws and Institutes of England, vol. i. p. 103.

† Laws of King Waktred; Ancient Laws and Institutes, vol. i.

“ We ought never to disobey our bishops in any of those things which they teach us on the part of God ; so that through the obedience with which we obey them *on account of God*, we may merit that eternal life to which they fit us by doctrine and example of good works.”

And to mark more strongly the distinction between the spiritual and temporal, the very next words are,

“ I will that *secular* rights stand among every people as good as they can be best devised, to the pleasure of God and to my perfect royalty.”

And then the purview of this ‘royalty’ (or prerogative) is set forth ; and even enactments pertaining wholly to *property* and things temporal. So in the laws of King Canute :

“ *Bishops are teachers of God’s laws.*”

So in the laws of King Ethelred :

“ Let no man reduce a Church to servitude, nor unlawfully make church-mongering, nor *turn out a church-minister without the bishop’s counsel.*” “ And if for a ‘*got-bōt*’ (a spiritual fault) a pecuniary penalty shall arise, which a wise secular ‘*witan*’ may have established, as a penalty that belongs rightly, *by the direction of the bishops*, to the buying of prayers, to the behoof of the poor, and the reparation of churches, and as a *secular correction for divine purposes.*” “ And let all God’s dues be furthered diligently as is needful ; and if any one refuse, let him be compelled to what is right by *secular correction* : let that be in common to Christ and to the king. For a Christian king is accounted Christ’s vicerent* among Christian people, *to avenge offence to Christ.* And wise were those secular ‘*witan*,’ who to the divine laws of right added secular laws for the people’s government, and directed the ‘*bōt*’ to Christ and to the king that many should be compelled to right.” “ If a mass-priest flagrantly commit crime, let him forfeit his order and country, and be an exile *as far as the Pope may prescribe* to him ; if he be guilty of theft, &c., let him be cast out from the community of ecclesiastics, *unless he make ‘bōt’ to God as the bishop may direct him.*” “ The king commands his ‘*reeves*’ that they *protect the abbots on all secular occasions :*” “ and if any one wrong an ecclesiastic, the king shall be to him a *protector.*”

It is impossible not to perceive that the Crown only claimed to be a protector of the Church.

In the celebrated laws of Edward the Confessor, however (or rather his digest of the common law, as our law writers rightly suppose), is contained the most complete exposition of the relation of the Church to the State ; or, as the lawyers of

* See as to this the laws of the Confessor.

that day would have expressed it, of the State to the Church. The digest begins thus:

“To holy Church, by which the king and kingdom are sustained, peace and liberty are secured. The clergy, and all their possessions, shall be under the peace of God and of holy Church.”

The latter sentence explains the former, and it is plain that the Crown assumes only to *protect* the Church in her *possessions*, in her *liberty*, and in her *peace*. And how this was understood will be explained by some instances from the next section:

“If any one excommunicated shall go the bishop for amendment, he shall have, in coming and returning, the peace of God and his holy Church. And if any will not amend for the sentence of the bishop, let him shew it to the king, and he shall constrain the transgressor that he amend.”

That is, the Crown only enforced the sentence of the bishop; and the Crown clearly had no idea of any right to interfere in the sentence itself. So again:

“If any shall break the peace of holy Church, then it is the jurisdiction of the bishop. And if he shall proudly condemn the sentence, he shall be delivered to the justice of the king, until, *first to God*, and then to the king, he shall make satisfaction.”

Here it is obvious the Crown assumed only the secondary position of supporting the sentence of the Church by secular power; and the right of the Crown was evidently deemed quite *subordinate* to that of the Church. Again:

“The king, who is constituted vicar of the Great King for *this*, that he may the kingdom and the people, *and above all* holy Church, rule and defend from injury, will destroy and root up all wrong-doers.”

The expression used in the former part of the sentence, *Vicarius Summi Regis*, is by Anglicans, according to their ordinary usage, severed from its context, and put forward as shewing that the king as well as the Pope was Vicar of Christ. They had not, however, dreamt of *that* in those Saxon ages; and it was reserved for the era of the Tudors and Stuarts to develope that doctrine. The meaning of the expression, as explained by the context, is precisely in accordance with a similar passage in the laws of King Ethelred:

“A Christian king is anointed Christ’s vicegerent, among a Christian people, and *to avenge offences against Christ*.”

And in the same digest this is said to be the duty of *all* Christian men, to the utmost of their power; so that there was nothing peculiar in the position or power of the king

except as to *degree*; and he possessed no more in point of *character* than any other layman. And it is to be observed of all these laws of the Confessor, that they contain no enactments at all *pertaining* to, but only as *protective* of, the spiritual, which was left under the sole cognizance of the Bishops, regulated by the canon law, as settled in their synods; that law and those synods being constantly referred to, and recognised by, the secular law, which also recognised, it will have been seen, the absolute power of the episcopate over the spiritual sentence of excommunication; and only offered it the aid and sanction of the secular power to awe those who cared not for the spiritual. In entire accordance with all this was the *Mirror of Justice*, probably the oldest law-book extant, and said to have been written before the Conquest.

“The *canon* law consisteth in the amendment of spiritual offences, of admonition, censure, excommunication. The *secular* law consisteth in the punishment of temporal offences by secular penalties. Of the *spiritual law* the *prelates* judged, and lay princes of the other law, which law is called the common law; and kings have no jurisdiction but of mortal offences and rights of the Crown, and the wrongs of their ministers, and wrongs against common law and common ordinances.”

And the “rights of the Crown” are stated exactly in accordance with the terms of the old charters above alluded to, as comprising tolls and other temporalities. It is most important to remark that there is not, throughout the work, any allusion to any rights of the Crown even over the temporalities of the Church; or rather, by reason of temporalities, any right of *patronage* or presentment to vacant benefices or bishoprics; and this is a strong proof that, whatever claim the Crown, before or after the Conquest, made on that score was originally an encroachment, however much it may have been afterwards acquiesced in by the Church, or so incorporated with the law. It is true that contemporary history shews that the Church, in courtesy to the Crown, which had endowed her, and in consequence of that confidence and amity which existed between them in those ages of faith, constantly consulted the Crown, and acted, of course, *with* its consent; although it is clear, from what has been shewn as to the preceding history and primary foundation of the Church, that she acted not by *reason* or by *right* of that consent. It was natural and inevitable that, with sovereigns so many of whom were *saints*, the Church should seem to act in *concert*; and that with her St. Oswalds and St. Edmunds and St. Edwards, she should have no scruple or jealousy in assembling her synods in their presence, or in consulting their recommendations as to the episcopate.

But that these concessions of confidence and courtesy, afterwards so abused, and converted into encroachments by sovereigns the reverse of saints, were *only* such concessions, and were not claims, rightful or legal, is clear from this, that the law, as we have seen, utterly "ignored" them all, and knew of no right or claim on the part of the Crown even to urge "lay-patronage or presentment."

Such was the *law of the land* at the close of the long Anglo-Saxon period of our history; and now our readers will be able to appreciate the learning of another of our church-and-state lawyers, and of his high qualifications to legislate upon the subject: we mean, Mr. Walpole, who declared in the great debate, in which, by a display of ignorance rather superior to that of his ignorant hearers, he easily acquired an enormous reputation, that he "had read many books, and taken pains to inform himself—and that he had discovered" that the See of Rome never had any control in this country until the Conquest. The *truth* is (as our readers will hereafter find), that from the Conquest till the Reformation there was one constant system of encroachment and aggression on the part of the Crown against the Church, originally upon her temporalities, eventually—as already intimated—when it was found these could not be got at without touching the spiritualities, upon the spiritualities under *pretence* of controlling the temporalities; and ultimately, at the Reformation, without any concealment or pretence at all,—upon the *spiritualities*.

The process of corruption which preceded this system of encroachment had commenced indeed in the Saxon age. In charters, to which St. Dunstan was a party, we have seen there was a carelessness of expression; but in the next century we find people's perceptions of the *spiritual* so clouded, and the idea of the episcopate so confounded with its endowment, that even the monkish chroniclers speak in the same breath of the 'bishopric' and its 'possessions,' and soon come to use the term 'bishopric' wholly for its possessions; and this prepares us to find what the same chroniclers now inform us, that the 'bishoprics' were given and taken by the king, and were notoriously bought and sold.*

Hence we are not surprised to find that in the reign of the Confessor a practice had arisen of the king's conferring the

* Stigand the priest was blessed Bishop of the East Angles; and soon after he was deposed from his bishopric, and all that he possessed was seized into the king's hands. (Sax. Chr. A.D. 1043.) "Archbishop Eadswine gave up the archbishopric, and blessed thereto Siward as bishop, by the king's leave and counsel: it was known to few else before it was done, because the Archbishop thought that some other man would obtain it or buy it, whom he could less trust in, if more men should know of it." (Sax. Chr. A.D. 1044.)

ring and crosier upon elected bishops,—a practice clearly in its origin having reference to temporalities; since there was always an *election* and a royal *missive* accompanying the gift directing the civil officer or guardian of the temporalities of the see to deliver them to the bishop.* Still that the signs of episcopal jurisdiction should have been delivered as the symbols of temporal property—although even by a royal saint—was a practice of a vicious character, and an unconscious means of corruption, of which we soon reaped the fruit. We read:

“In the reign of the Confessor, Robert Archbishop of Canterbury proceeding to Rome, and appealing to the Apostolic See in his cause, as he was returning died. While he was yet living, Stigand, who was Bishop of Winchester, invaded the archbishopric of Canterbury, who, through desire of a higher dignity deserting the bishopric of the South Saxons, had occupied Winchester, which he held with the archbishopric. For this reason he was never honoured with the pall; and in the reign of William was degraded by the Roman Cardinals.”

So also we find in the reign of the Confessor, bishoprics given with very suspicious frequency to the king's chaplains, or other courtiers and clerks:

“Alfric Bishop of Helmham died, and was succeeded by Stigand, the *king's chaplain*” (A.D. 1044). “Leofic, the *king's chancellor*, obtained the prelacy of Crediton” (A.D. 1046). “Ulf, the *king's chaplain*, was promoted to Dorchester” (A.D. 1050). “Ethelstan Bishop of Hereford died, and was succeeded by Laveger, *Duke Harold's chaplain*” (A.D. 1056).†

So also we read of *pluralities*. Thus it is stated:

“Living, who held the bishoprics of Worcester, Crediton, and Cornwall, died this year” (A.D. 1046). “Elfwyn Bishop of Worcester died, and Stigand Bishop of Helmham, being placed in his room, kept both sees” (A.D. 1047).

It is clear that the Church had become corrupted by a love of temporal possessions, and that in consequence of this the Crown had acquired an influence it had not formerly over the episcopate.

It matters not, of course, much to our argument, whether this system was the cause or the origin of corruption in the Church; probably, with the usual inevitable reaction of evil, it was (in the long-run, at all events,) both the one and the other; but as we have already indicated, our own idea is, that

* See Lardner's Hist. Ang.-Sax. Church.

† Roger de Wendover.

it arose in the confidence the Church reposed in saintly sovereigns; and was ultimately converted into a process of corruption and a course of encroachment by prelates and princes equally *unsaintly*. The *foundation* was unconsciously laid, as we have shewn, in the Saxon age, of which we have thus closed a cursory review. The fatal result which followed, and the resistance at last aroused on the part of the Church, and her long struggle with the incessant aggressions of the State, we reserve for a following article; to be followed by a third on the history of the Reformation, to which all these things were precursors.

So far as we have at present gone, this moral we may safely draw, that so perilous is it for the Church to permit the State to interfere with her, that even in a dynasty of saints it sowed the fatal seeds of corruption, and encroachments pregnant with results pernicious and disastrous.

Passion, Love, and Rest;

OR,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from vol. vii. p. 509.)

CHAPTER X. — *Love.*

I FIND it difficult, if not impossible, to describe my sensations for some time after I became a Catholic. Joy, repose, wonder, agitation, gratitude, fear, a mingled good humour and impatience with every thing around me, all combined to produce a state of mind as delightful as it was without parallel in my previous history. I do not exaggerate, when I say that my past life seemed to drop off from me like a garment. The old systems of belief and unbelief in which I had trusted, all at once appeared the creations of an unhealthy dream. I could compare my sensations to nothing else than those of a blind man restored to sight. In a moment I seemed to have come at last into a land of realities. How I ever remained so long ignorant of the claims of the Catholic Church was incomprehensible to me. How I could ever have believed in old-fashioned Church of Englandism or Evangelicalism, I could not conceive. The same wonder filled me when I thought of the rest of the well-conducted Protestant world. "What

conceivable gratification or satisfaction can they find in their wretched figments," I said to myself, "that they should persist in closing their eyes to the light of Catholic truth? Are they mad, or blind, or wilfully wicked, that they do not see these things, which appear to me almost as self-evident truths?"

I talked of all this now and then to Cumberland, who smiled, somewhat to my disgust, at my amazement at Protestant incredulity. "My dear Morley," he said, "remember what you were yourself only a few months, or even weeks ago. I don't wonder at your feelings of joy and exultation, and most heartily I sympathise with you; but your eyes are dazzled with the floods of light that have poured in upon them. By and by you will estimate other people's difficulties, as well as the real sources of their unbelief, more calmly and correctly."

"But surely you don't think I do wrong in giving way to my present joyfulness and sense of triumph over the world and all the snares the devil has hitherto put in my way."

"Far from it, far from it, indeed," he replied; "this bounding exuberance of happiness is a gift from God, often given to those who enter the Church, as a refreshment before the commencement of those new kinds of struggles which they must endure so long as life lasts."

I was surprised at the tone of his reply, and rejoined,

"But how easy must victory be in any struggle to a Catholic! When I compare the indescribable repose I now enjoy, and the wonderful aids I find all around me, with the miserable weapons I used to be compelled to fight with, I can hardly conceive how conquest over *any* adversaries can be difficult. Wonderful, wonderful is the change indeed! Just think of the invincible strength to be derived from a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, for instance. I really cannot imagine how a Catholic, with such ineffable sources of peace at his hand, can ever give his thoughts to earthly things, much less fall into mortal sin. As to actual apostacy, it seems to me simply an impossibility."

"Depend upon it, my dear Morley," rejoined Cumberland, laying his hand gently on my shoulder, as we stood talking in front of the fire in his room, "the rest and repose you now enjoy are almost as a storm in comparison with that which is granted to those who have passed through those trials which you have now not even begun; provided, of course, they neither faint nor slacken in the conflict. You are now only at the beginning of your life as a Catholic; you know already something, perhaps much, of almighty God and his gifts; but you do not, you cannot know much of yourself, or of the

peculiarities of the Christian life. Yet the warfare *must* come; and the day may not be very far distant when you will be longing for the hour when the struggle of life is ended. Pardon me for saying all this so decidedly to you, and so early after your entrance into that which is, after all, a land flowing with milk and honey. I would not have said it, but that I am sure you will not be discouraged when trouble comes."

"I would not be confident," I answered; "but indeed I feel as if I could face any amount of persecution and suffering for the sake of such a cause as that of the true Church of Jesus Christ."

"I trust most sincerely that you would," replied he. "I was speaking, however, of other enemies besides men. The troubles I meant were those coming more immediately from the devil and from your own heart. But come, we will say no more of this just now. Enjoy yourself, my dear Morley, to your heart's content; only take my word for it, that with all your past troubles and present joys, there is both trial and peace before you, such as now you can little comprehend. And now, good bye; for I am off some six or seven miles, to keep an engagement."

He shook my hand with the heartiest fervour, and we parted at his door.

Till this day I had been a visitor in the priest's house, and I had not yet seen my father since my reception. I hastened home, Cumberland's words still sounding in my ears, though they made little impression on my heart, so overflowing it was with satisfaction and happiness. Nerving myself for my first interview with my father, I hurried into the library, where I heard he was sitting, and almost started to find in full converse with him my old friend Churchill. My father's welcome was somewhat agitated, but decidedly cordial; and I felt that I had not lost my place in his heart. Churchill's salutation puzzled me more. He stared at me as if he were looking at some strange species of monster from the tropics. I had never seen his open handsome countenance look so little agreeable; and his shake of my hand, though not formal, was unquestionably somewhat cold. We all three felt ill at ease, and were forced to talk of the weather as soon as my curiosity respecting Churchill's movements was gratified. With his sister Edith he was on a visit in the immediate neighbourhood of Morley Court, and had, in fact, arrived only the day before. Just as the temperature of the atmosphere was ceasing to afford matter for conversation, my father was called out of the room on some business. The moment

the door closed after him, Churchill looked me in the face, and exclaimed :

"Is it really true, Morley, that you've been fool enough to turn Catholic?"

"Not that I have been *fool* enough," I rejoined; "it is true that I have been wise enough to do so."

"And it's all over and settled, I suppose," he continued, with a frown.

"I was received a few days ago by the priest who used to attend my mother," said I.

"A curse on all your priests!" he cried, rising from his chair and beginning to pace the room.

I looked at him with amazement; the recollection of his former "liberality," as it was called, to Catholics having little prepared me for such a display of animosity. For a few moments he said nothing, and then turning towards me, resumed:

"Well, Morley, I can only say that you are the last man in the world I should have expected to sacrifice your position in society and prospects in life for a nonsensical superstition. I don't wonder at women being gulled by the priests, with their tender natures and weak heads; but how *you* can throw away every thing in this idiotic manner, I can't conceive."

"Really, Churchill," I replied, "you are giving me merits to which I have no claim. Whatever sacrifices other people may make in becoming Catholics, *I* have made little, for I am sure I have not forfeited my father's love; and if he is satisfied, who else has a right to complain?"

"Who else, my dear fellow?" cried Churchill. "Are you such a simpleton as not to see that you have utterly lost caste in society; that, with the best prospects, you are throwing yourself away; that you, an English gentleman, are joining an obscure sect of fanatics, or fools, or something worse; and all for what, let me ask? Don't you see that you are certain to be cut dead by every body, or at least cold-shouldered, and that your future life is a blank; unless," he went on, with a bitter smile, "you intend to turn priest, or Jesuit, or some such worthy completion to your mad beginning."

"As to losing caste," cried I, half angry and half astonished, "do you forget, Churchill, that all England once was Catholic? and even now some of the oldest English families are Catholics still."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried he; "that's all very well for those who were born Catholics, and for very shame can't renounce the creed of their ancestors; we tolerate *them*, but you know we *only* tolerate them. And they are in quite a different condition from people who actually *turn* Catholics, when they

have been brought up Protestants. Depend upon it, the world will have mighty little to say to *you*, my dear fellow, for the future. We have just seen a pretty instance of it in our own family——”

“Why, what *can* you mean?” I exclaimed, interrupting him.

“Only this,” said Churchill: “that my sister Edith has just turned Papist, like you, and caused my father and me most excessive annoyance, besides rendering a certain object I had in view more difficult to attain than ever.”

“Your sister Edith a Catholic!” I rejoined, amazed.

“Yes, the silly girl,” he said; “and as pretty a specimen of the fanatical enthusiast she makes as you would wish to see. Confound the girls! why on earth can’t they be satisfied with the religions they are brought up in, and leave mysterious questions to wiser heads than theirs?”

“The girls!” I echoed; “what girls? You only spoke of one.”

“Why, Helen Darnley, my cousin, to be sure,” said Churchill. “There’s no use making any secrets between us, and you know pretty well, I suspect, already, that there’s been a sort of engagement between Helen and me for some time past; and now this absurd whim of Edith’s has come in and made matters harder to manage than ever.”

“Really, Churchill,” I rejoined, “I don’t understand you. How in the world can your sister’s conversion to your cousin’s religion make it harder for you to marry your cousin than before? I should have thought it would be quite the reverse.”

“That’s just because you know nothing about the difference that I was telling you of, between being born a Catholic and turning Catholic. My father was coming round about my marrying Helen, till this confounded move of Edith’s came in and marred all my hopes. My father’s perfectly outrageous about Edith, and now he’ll scarcely speak to Helen when he meets her. If it was not that I was so angry myself, I could almost laugh at his horror of priests and monks, and the way he suspects that Edith herself has somehow been turned into a concealed Jesuit. There certainly is something most detestable about this Popery, that it should drive kind-hearted and sensible men like my father absolutely frantic, and make indescribable fools of them. And you know this, and yet you are senseless enough to go and join these Papists, and keep up this detestable ill-will, breeding family quarrels in all directions, and——”

“Come, come, Churchill,” I interposed, “this is too bad.

It's not we who breed the quarrels, but you, and those who are on your side. You say every man has a right to his own religious opinions, and yet when any one becomes a Catholic, you turn round upon him and kick him on every side."

"So he has a right," cried Churchill, "but not so as to disturb society and the peace of families. What right has any man, I say, to do this?"

"Every man has a right to obey almighty God," said I.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Churchill; "who wants you not to obey almighty God? Do you mean to say it is obeying almighty God to set a daughter against her father, and destroy all the natural feelings of the heart?"

"My dear Churchill," said I, "do be reasonable. If the father is wrong and the daughter right, do you say that the daughter ought to obey the father?"

"But who is to settle which is right and which is wrong?" asked Churchill snappishly, with that determined perverseness which I began to see possessed him. I therefore answered him with another question.

"Is there no way of finding out the difference between right and wrong?" said I.

"Oh, as to that," said he, more sharply than ever, "I can't argue the question. When a person is once determined to have his own way, there is no use in reasoning with him. Here are you and Edith, obstinately following your own whims and turning Papists; there is my father, as obstinate as either of you, refusing to listen to reason, talking about Helen as if she was a poisoner or a mad woman, and raving about bloody Queen Mary and Guy Fawkes; and there is Helen herself, nearly as great a fool as any one, catching scruples from my very pious sister Edith, and protesting she can't marry me in defiance of the rules of the Catholic Church. Between you all, I shall be driven mad."

"I don't understand you," I rejoined; "what scruples? what rules of the Church? There is nothing to prevent a Catholic marrying a Protestant, with a dispensation of course; at least so I conclude, though I have been so short a time a Catholic that I may be mistaken."

"Marry! yes, to be sure," cried Churchill; "we may marry soon enough, I have no doubt. It's these absurd rules about the children being brought up Catholics that stand in the way. I never suspected that Helen stood in such awe of the priests until now, but nothing on earth will move her. She declares she *cannot* violate a single law of her Church even for my sake."

"But why can't *you* agree to her wishes?" said I.

"So I would in a moment, though grievously against the grain, I assure you, Morley," he answered. "It's my father that stands out. He won't hear of it on these conditions. I might have got him round before, but now he's so enraged about Edith that it's perfectly hopeless to think of persuading him; and of course marrying without his consent is out of the question."

I was astonished at hearing Churchill say this, for I had never suspected him of any romantic or rigid notions of filial obedience, and in as polite terms as I could think of, I expressed my surprise.

"Oh," said he in reply, "don't give me credit for any thing marvellously good or obedient. I can't marry without my father's consent, because the Brookfield estate is not entailed, and my father might, and would, leave it all away from me. I have only about three hundred a year of my own, and Helen not quite so much: so that marriage would be out of the question."

"Out of the question?" I echoed.

"Yes, of course," said he. "I should not be such a fool as to condemn myself for life to five or six hundred a year, and blast all my prospects just when they are brightest, even for Helen, much as I love her, and long as I have loved her. You stare, my dear Morley; but it's only because you always were as romantic as you now are grown pious, that you wonder at hearing me speak common sense."

"Common sense!" I again echoed, as much amazed at Churchill's sentiments on love as at his sentiments on religion.

"Yes, common sense, to be sure," he rejoined. "Would you have me give up Brookfield and my whole position in life, and sit down in a corner, a poor gentleman, with his wife in a cotton gown and some ten or a dozen bread-and-butter children to look after? I see you would give up every thing for your religion; but come, tell me honestly whether you would do this for love."

"Really," cried I, now laughing at this astonishing outburst from an ardent lover, "all that is a matter of taste. There are plenty of people who get on very well with five or six hundred a year; and if that was the *only* objection, I don't quite see how you would be an object deserving of such very tender pity."

By this time Churchill had worked himself up to such a pitch of ill humour that further conversation was impossible, and he soon took his leave and rode away.

"Edith Churchill a Catholic!" said I to myself, again and again, as I wandered through my old haunts that same after-

noon. Somewhat to my trouble, my father was engaged all the day, and I could see nothing of him; so I passed several hours in strolling through the woods and gardens, indulging in all the intense delight of my new-found circumstances. All seemed bright and brilliant before me. The desire for worldly distinction, my old idol, with all its painful excitements, had passed away, or seemed to have passed away. A calmer and more satisfying existence lay open before me. The storms of unbelief, the harassing contradictions of Protestantism, were alike gone; I felt the exquisite *repose* of faith; I closed my eyes for minutes together to reflect on the glories of that unseen world now laid open to my soul. All around and within wore a smile. My dear mother's image rose before me, radiant with the hope of faith, as I had seen it in her last hours. I thought over all she had done for me, and suffered for me, and prayed for me. Tears burst from my eyes; and overwhelmed with a sense of my own unworthiness, and (as I feared) my long resistance to the call of divine grace, I threw myself on my knees in a secluded part of the garden, and gave thanks to God for bearing with me so mercifully, and for the ineffable gift with which He had at length blessed me. Then, as I wandered on, all the happiness of my lot, in the kind forbearance of my father, poured in upon my meditations. Everything seemed sunshine. Who could have suffered less than I had in embracing the faith of the true Church? Cumberland's warnings passed away from my mind; or if they recurred to me for a few moments, it was only to excite a sensation of incredulity that life could be any thing but joyous to a Catholic.

The next day I rode over to Winterton, the village where Churchill and his sister were staying with their friend, an old maiden lady bearing the name of Englefield, with whom I had a slight acquaintance myself. She had known Edith and Edward Churchill from their infancy, and, in fact, regarded them with almost a mother's affection. Kind-hearted to every human being and every dumb animal, she had made Churchill and his sister the special objects of her affection, and felt their troubles almost as much as if they were her own. She had asked Edith to pay her a visit almost immediately after hearing that she had become a Catholic, with a view of removing her from her father's daily sight until he should be a little more reconciled to her change of religion. The same kindness had prompted her to extend the invitation afterwards to Helen Darnley, whose engagement to Churchill she was acquainted with. She had heard something of the difficulties that stood in the way of the marriage; and unaffectedly desir-

ing to bring all parties to understand one another, and to make every body happy, she had pressed Helen so warmly to come, that she had arrived at Winterton on the previous evening. All this I learnt from subsequent conversations with Edith, for I had no suspicion who I was going to meet when I was ushered into Miss Englefield's drawing-room, with the full expectation of seeing none but the hostess, Edith, and Churchill himself.

I found, however, the three ladies and no gentleman, and a warm greeting from them all soon set me at my ease. Helen made no secret of her satisfaction at my conversion; Edith looked her sympathies; but as for myself, I ventured not to say a word on the subject, not knowing whether it might not annoy Miss Englefield.

"Well, my dears," said Miss Englefield, as soon as the formalities of greeting were past, "I suppose our conversation may go on. No doubt your friend Mr. Morley is in the secret, and we need not be afraid of him. Now he is of your religion, perhaps he will be able to help you a little with Edward's father."

"Ah, my dear Miss Englefield," cried Helen, "you don't know Mr. Churchill as well as I do. You are so kind, you never think harm of any body; but it's not so with other people. Mr. Churchill *hates* the Catholic religion; and now Edith has become a Catholic, he is worse than ever. I have not the least doubt that he would like nothing so well as to see every thing given up between his son and myself."

"Why, my dear," cried the old lady, "you astonish me. Did not Mr. Churchill agree to your engagement, and he always knew that you were a Catholic?"

"Ah," said Helen, sadly shaking her head, "it was only because I was a strange sort of Catholic, and kept my religion to myself. Now that he has found out the power of the Catholic religion, I see too plainly that he has an absolute horror of me."

"Well, well," responded Miss Englefield, "I don't understand it at all. I can't understand why people can't agree and be happy together, and make concessions when they don't agree. It's a sad pity, these troubles in families about religion; it never used to be so in my young days. And the longer I live, the more happy I am that I belong to the good old-fashioned Church of England."

Edith here rose, and seeing tears in the kind-hearted old lady's eyes, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her.

"Dear, dear Miss Englefield," she said, "pray don't take it to heart so. You know it makes no difference in our affection and respect for you. And surely you will admit that

when eternity is at stake, all family considerations *must* give way."

"You're a dear good girl, Edith," said Miss Englefield, "whatever you are, but you let your feelings run away with you sometimes. What do you and I know about eternity, or any such mysterious subjects?"

"Not about eternity!" echoed Edith. "But suppose I should do that which would send me to eternal torments."

"O my dear Edith!" exclaimed Miss Englefield, "don't talk about any thing so dreadful. You can never go to eternal torments; why we must hope that nobody will come to such a dreadful end; and as to a sweet innocent child like you, it's really foolish of you to talk in such a way. Who *can* have put such notions into your head? I hope it's none of your new priests that have done it."

"Why, don't *you* believe in the doctrine of eternal punishments?" cried Edith, amazed; "I thought all Church-of-England people believed in them."

"My dear, it's a very mysterious and awful subject," said Miss Englefield, evidently getting uncomfortable; "and I don't think it's a thing that young women, or old ones either, can understand much about. I can't believe myself that any of the creatures of our merciful God will suffer so dreadfully, especially after suffering as so many of them do in this life."

"But, dear Miss Englefield," interposed Helen, "surely this very suffering that so many endure in this life, without, as it seems, any fault of their own, rather shews that we cannot understand God's pleasure about them hereafter. All we can do is to believe what He tells us."

"Well, well, my dears," said the old lady, "don't let us get into an argument. It's bad enough as it is, having all these troubles with poor Edward and his father, without making things worse than they need be."

Edith sighed, grieved, as I saw plainly, at her kind-hearted friend's ideas about religion; Helen looked the picture of perplexity and distress; and I sat wondering, and looking, I suspect, not a little foolish. Miss Englefield then left the room, and a long conversation followed between Edith, Helen, and myself. How well I can still recall the exquisite sense of gratification with which I received their congratulations on my conversion, and how speedily my former feelings of friendship with Edith revived! My old attachment, real or imaginary, for Miss Darnley had of course long passed away; and as she shewed not the slightest embarrassment at meeting me, I was able composedly to admire the remarkable vigour and genuineness of her character, and the simple-hearted guileless-

ness with which she talked of her prospects with regard to Churchill. I had always been a favourite with Churchill's father; and my long friendship with Churchill himself, added to the circumstance that I was now a Catholic, constituted me a kind of friend of all parties, and prevented that reserve which would have been otherwise natural in such cases. The fact also was, that matters were becoming so pressing that it was absolutely necessary that *something* should be decided. In the course of the conversation, I learnt that Churchill had underrated, if any thing, his father's indignation; and that Edith was growing seriously uncomfortable about her brother's conduct itself. Helen, indeed, would not hear a word to the disparagement of Churchill's honour and affection; but that she was far from thoroughly at ease, I shrewdly suspected. I went away with my first suspicions that even to a Catholic this life is not without its bitter trials.

During the next few weeks all went on as uncomfortably between Helen and her lover as could be imagined. I was repeatedly at Miss Englefield's, where I soon found I was welcome at all hours. The warm-hearted old lady was annoyed beyond description at the state of things, and was beginning to lose all patience with Edward Churchill. As for myself, it was not long before the natural result of my frequent visits took place. What young man in a thousand is there who, with all the world before him as bright as he could desire, and enjoying the peace of one who at length is at rest in the thought of eternity, would not have done as I did, when day after day he sat and talked and walked with such a person as Edith Churchill? Of course I soon fell in love with her, and began to experience all the pangs and palpitations of doubt and hope. I shall not trouble my readers with the course of what proved to be in the end "true love" on both sides, and which for once "ran smooth" as heart could desire. The whole progress of our affection was as prosaic as prosperity could make it, and supplied little worth recording except in its results.

Some weeks, however, before I ventured to speak openly to Edith, the course of my friend Churchill's engagement took a turn which made me tremble lest some unforeseen mischance should blight my own hopes when nearest their blossoming. Churchill had been away for a short time on a visit in London, and was just returned, plainly more passionately in love than ever with worldly wealth and position in society. From the first day when I had seen him at Miss Englefield's in company with Helen, I had begun to observe the utter incompatibility of her increasing devotion to her religion with his

growing love for the world. Shortly after his return from town, I called one day early in the morning, and found him walking up and down a broad avenue in the pleasure-grounds, his countenance knit into a stiff iron look of anger and discomfort. He scarcely answered my salutation; and taking a letter out of his pocket, thrust it into my hands, and bade me read it. It was as follows:

“My dear Edward,—I have consulted some of my most valued friends on the subject of your letter; and have come to the conclusion that it will be for your happiness entirely to give up your engagement with Miss Darnley. I never will consent to allow the possessions of my ancestors to fall into the hands of Papists and their priests. At the same time, as you knew her religion at the time you formed the engagement, and as I am sensible that I did not take sufficiently stringent measures to prevent it, I do not absolutely withhold my consent, as your father, to your marriage itself. I will still treat you as my son, and receive Miss Darnley as my daughter, in every respect but that of bestowing on you any portion of my property. You inherit a certain sum from your mother, and Miss Darnley has some property of her own. If you think proper to marry upon this, I give my approval; *but that is all*. Be so good as to communicate with Miss Darnley without loss of time, and let me know the result, as I shall immediately make my will, and dispose of all I possess in some quarter where it can by no possibility be employed in the service of Popery.

“Your affectionate father,

“GEORGE CHURCHILL.

“P.S. I will thank you to inform your sister of the arrangement I am about to make. As she inherits, like yourself, a sufficiency for her personal support, she is to expect nothing from me, either during my life or at my death.”

I folded the letter up and returned it to Churchill.

“Well, Morley,” said he, with a frown, “your supposition has come true. What have you to say to it?”

“Three months ago,” said I, “on the reading such a letter, I should have asked what day was to be fixed for your marriage. And now I can hardly conceive your taking but one course, as a man of honour.”

“It’s easy for *you* to talk of honour, Morley,” cried he, “who have nothing on earth at stake. Do you mean to tell me that I am *bound* not to give up the engagement?”

“To tell you the truth, Churchill,” said I, “I begin to

question whether it would not be for Miss Darnley's happiness to have nothing more to say to you. I would give little for her prospects of married life with a man who could even *doubt* what he would do in such an alternative as your father puts before you. I can only say, that if your affection cannot subsist upon the very tolerable fortune you would have though your father cut you off with a shilling, the sooner Miss Darnley and you part the better."

"Really, Morley," said Churchill, "your romantic notions are absolutely absurd. Do you really think it nothing to lose such an estate as Brookfield, and every farthing else that will go with it? Do you mean to tell me that I shall not be doing Helen herself an injury, by marrying her with not a sixth of the fortune she expected to have?"

"Splendid logic, indeed," I replied. "It's to be a smaller injury to Miss Darnley to jilt her, than to marry her with a small income. Come, come, Churchill, this will hardly do; whatever you do, be honest, and avow your real motives."

"Would Helen herself say differently," rejoined he, "if she saw my father's letter, and I said I would do just what *she* wished?"

"For shame, for shame!" I cried; "you surely will not be so base as to give *her* the choice. What woman with any delicacy of feeling or true affection would take the hand of a man who could insult her with such a mockery? No, Churchill; if you mean to give up Helen, do it as decently as possible. Don't add insult and duplicity to a grievous injury. Don't throw the burden of the decision on her, when you know you will be bitterly disappointed unless she takes the side you would take if you decided for yourself. I tell you honestly, I think your feelings more shameful than I like to say; but *having* so little real regard for Miss Darnley, it is plain enough that it is for her happiness to have done with you."

How Churchill came to take all this from me as quietly as he did, I could not tell; but he bore my rebukes wonderfully patiently. Certainly he did listen to this, and much more in the same strain, and replied with great ill humour indeed, but still without openly quarrelling with me. I saw how it would end, and I was so disgusted that I had not the heart to enter the house, but rode home immediately.

The following morning found me again at Miss Englefield's. The old lady was alone in the drawing-room, pacing to and fro in a high state of agitation. She greeted me bluntly, but warmly. In a minute or two Churchill entered, looking sulky and shamefaced.

"Sit down at this table, if you please, Mr. Churchill,"

said Miss Englefield, in a sharper tone of voice than I had ever heard from her lips.

"Mr. Morley, I am glad you are come. It is desirable that there should be some witness to the business I have to do this morning; and it is better that it should be a *gentleman*" (and she laid special stress on the word) "than one who is not so, whether by birth or feeling."

Churchill turned ashy pale at her words, but said nothing.

"May I ask you to ring the bell, Mr. Morley?" continued Miss Englefield.

I obeyed. The servant entered.

"Put some wood on the fire, James," said Miss Englefield, "wood that will burn up immediately."

In a minute the flames were crackling up brightly in the grate. Miss Englefield took a chair and sat down at the table, on which lay a writing-desk, close to Churchill.

"Sit down here, Mr. Morley," she resumed, "close to me on this side."

I did so. She took a key, unlocked the desk and drew out a paper packet, opened it, and laid it on the table before her.

"Edward Churchill," she continued, "be so good as to read this paper from beginning to end; and do you, Mr. Morley, read it through at the same time. It is my will. The contents will perhaps surprise you."

We read it throughout. It was short, and bequeathed nearly the whole of her property, amounting to about fifty thousand pounds, to Edward and Edith Churchill, in equal parts. As soon as we had finished, she folded it up loosely, took it in her hand, and stood up.

"Edward Churchill," she began, "you have made your choice; I have made mine. You have treated Miss Helen Darnley as no gentleman would treat a lady; you have tried to excuse yourself to me by affecting to have motives which I know have no weight with you. Your father has behaved, though like a tyrant as I think, yet at least like a gentleman, or at any rate on conscientious grounds. He has given you your choice between Miss Darnley and Brookfield Manor; you have chosen the last. It is the bitterest moment of my life to see you thus dishonoured. You have just read what were *my* intentions respecting you, but you will hardly be surprised if they are now changed. I have but one word more: if you hope to gain *happiness* by acting on such principles as you have now betrayed, you will find your expectations shrivel into ashes, as surely as this paper is now burnt to dust."

And she laid the will in the flames, and in a few moments it was consumed. She rang the bell loudly.

"Are the horses ready, James?" she said, as the servant entered.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man.

"The carriage will take you to meet the coach, Mr. Churchill," continued the old lady. "You cannot be a visitor in my house any longer."

Churchill looked thunderstruck. He turned pale and red, then pale again; then started from his seat; stared, as if trying to frame some words, and dashed out of the room.

"Sit still, Mr. Morley, I desire," cried Miss Englefield, as I made a motion to go after him. I was so amazed, that I obeyed like a child. Presently I heard the rattle of the carriage-wheels, then in a little while the sound of Churchill's feet in the hall, then the carriage drove off, and the house-door was shut. As soon as the sound of the wheels had died away, the poor old lady sank back upon a sofa, and with a loud cry of pain swooned away.

"CHURCHES" VERSUS "ROOMS."

WHEN certain modern critics wish to express their contempt for an ecclesiastical building in some phrase which shall combine the force of argument with the force of satire, they call it a "room." Just in the same way, men who know nothing of Gothic architecture condemn it as "gloomy," "extravagantly dear," and "incapable of adaptation to present necessities;" or select the crypt of some old cathedral, or some unhappy and expensive failure of the last ten or fifteen years, as the very type of Gothic art, to which every man who does not like round arches is fated by the laws of necessity to conform himself. One day you will hear a "Goth" scarcely checking himself from calling St. Peter's a "room," or (as has been wittily suggested) finding fault with the rainbow because it is not a pointed arch. The next day you shall marvel at hearing a Gothic chasuble described very much as the invention of the devil; or at listening to a discourse on church-architecture founded on the idea that in the thirteenth century people believed that all angels had wry necks.

So it is in musical matters. If we say that there are portions of plain-chant which are the most exquisite examples of religious melody in existence, we are suspected of a secret desire to reduce the songs of the Church to the funereal level

of a perpetual "plain-song." Or if we venture to hint that a Gregorian *Gloria* is not exactly provocative of emotions of joy and thankfulness, some scandalised listener whispers hints as to our love for the imported abominations of the opera-house.

In the mean time the *art* itself, whether of music or of architecture, suffers; and with it, to a certain extent, the interests of religion itself. Hardly any thing is done thoroughly well, because almost every body is more busy with his own crotchets, than with *employing* art as the handmaid of religion, in a simple, unpretending, genuine way. Scarcely a new church is raised which does not incidentally cause more heart-burning than gratification, and which does not most needlessly disappoint expectation. Hardly any body knows thoroughly what he wants, or what he can attain. Architects and church-builders assume the relation of "natural enemies:" the architect despises his "patrons" (we use the word in no offensive sense), as knowing nothing about art, and lamentably given to calculation and stinginess; the "patrons" are suspicious of the architect (unless, as in some instances, they regard him as a sort of infallible demi-god), and think he is to be watched as a mouse is watched by a cat. And so on in sculpture, painting, decoration, and every other detail in which artistic and mechanical skill are called in to give honour to the public worship of almighty God. We look upon this violent opposition between "Goth" and "anti-Goth" as one of the most fatal hindrances to the cultivation of *all* ecclesiastical architecture which exists. So long as it prevails, it renders impossible that fair, impartial, good-humoured criticism which is essential to any advance in art. So long as a critic's chief thought is, whether the arches are round or pointed, and not whether the work he sees is good of its kind and answers the purpose for which it is intended, so long in place of friendly discussions we shall have only party squabbles, in place of kindly and just criticisms only personal imputations, and in place of truly creditable structures and decorations only a repetition of works which are for a time vehemently eulogised or vehemently abused, and in the end give complete satisfaction to *nobody*.

Against this narrow bigotry we have ourselves never ceased earnestly to protest, ridiculing it and arguing against it to the utmost of our power. The subject is still full of interest; for notwithstanding the present lull in the erection of new churches in England, they must soon again begin to multiply; while in Ireland the study of ecclesiological art is already shewing signs of youthful vigour. Should it please God to give to Ireland a few years' freedom from famine and pesti-

lence, and should she be enabled to defy the malice of her Protestant persecutors, we expect to see a rapid increase in the number of her new churches, and no little advance in the character of her ecclesiastical decorations and general outward splendour. It will not therefore be without interest to our readers if we once more return to the subject, and occupy a few minutes in dissecting one of the most popular and unmeaning of the phrases of the day, and inquire what *is* the difference between a "church" and a "room."

A "church," then, is not a building of any one peculiar shape, or plan, or style of architecture; square, or oblong, or round; built of wood, or stone, or lath and plaster, or brick; with columns or without columns; with galleries or without; a "church" is a building constructed with the special view of enabling Christians to worship God as the Catholic Church directs them in their public assemblies. A "room" is a building constructed with the special view of enabling persons to sit in it, to eat in it, to study in it, to cook in it, to sleep in it, to paint in it, to dance in it, to sing and play in it, or for any other of those secular actions which fill up our indoor life. To call a building with a nave, aisles, and transepts, a "church," and a plain oblong edifice a "room," is simply nonsensical. The glasshouse built for the Hyde-Park Exhibition has nave, aisles, and transepts; yet no one in his senses would call it *either* a room or a church. The old Roman courts of justice had nave, aisles, and (what we now call) a chancel; yet a modern "room"-hater will not hear of them as models for Christian architects. Some of the most beautiful specimens of the mediæval chapels are in plan and design almost identical with the large dining-halls of the same period; yet nobody thinks of laughing at them as "rooms." And why were they thus like? Merely because in certain cases the same shape and general design which was best adapted for the dining-room was also best adapted for the chapel. If a "room" means a plain oblong structure, without columns or arches, and a row of windows down the sides, then hundreds of the old Gothic parish churches are "rooms," or rather parts of "rooms," consisting of a big room opening into a little room. In fact, if a man were compelled to make his choice out of all the buildings in existence devoted to Catholic public worship, in order to use it as a "room" for the purposes of his daily life, there can be no doubt that the very last things he would select would be the modern churches of Italy, France, and other Catholic countries, and that his predilections would fall upon some Gothic church of the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

What conceivable affinity, on the other hand, is there between a "room" and the Church of the Pantheon at Rome, that *circular* building, the thought of whose form sets some of our prudish antiquarians a-shuddering with pious horror? For ourselves, little as we should like to see all churches round—and be it remembered that there are certain *medieval* churches which are as round as the Pantheon—we have rarely seen a church, Gothic or Italian, which has impressed us with such a sense of devout solemnity as that glorious old Pantheon, whence the true God has banished the idol of the heathen, and which, though erected for the service of Satan, has become the temple of Jesus Christ; as the human body, born in sin and the slave of hell, is regenerated by the consecrating waters and made the temple of the living God.

It is obvious, in the next place, that what was a *good* church in one period of Christianity, may be no longer a good church at a later date. As the externals of Catholic worship have been frequently modified and changed, it is evident that the actual building in which this worship is to be offered must, if it really is to serve the purpose it is designed for, be modified and changed too. So it is in real "rooms." Man's domestic and social life is ever the same in its essence; but in its external forms and customs it is susceptible of innumerable variations, according to the changes in civilisation, age, and climate. Take one of the rooms from Pompeii, whether the sleeping-rooms or the rooms for the day, and transplant it into London or Paris. You might as well bid every house-builder model his drawing-room after the cells in Newgate; yes, and much better. The cells in a nineteenth-century gaol would supply the wants of our modern life much better than the best apartments of Greece and Rome eighteen hundred years ago.

In a word, a church ought to be a *home* for Catholic public worship, as a private house is a man's home in all that regards his temporal existence. The essential qualification of a design for a "church" ought, therefore, to be its exact adaptation to the wants and customs of Catholic worship at the time when it is erected. If it fails in this, it is not a "church" *nor* a "room," but that most contemptible of shams, a "modern antique," a "ruin," set up by some London Cockney in his suburban villa garden, imitating with its battlements and bow-and-arrow holes the defences of an ancient castle. A church is a building for *use*, and not for being merely looked at; just like a house, or a coat, or a pair of shoes, or a carriage. It *may be* beautiful besides, and if possible, it ought to be, as no religious man will doubt. No Catholic ever dreams of

doubting the propriety of making the house of God as glorious as circumstances will allow, though he may question whether it is for the glory of God that he should run largely into debt. What we assert is simply, that the *first* thing to be considered in building a new church is, not whether the design is beautiful, but whether it is really adapted to the rubrics, customs, and ceremonies of the Catholic Church of this present day ; the second thing to be considered is, whether it is beautiful to the eye ; the third is, whether we can pay for it. If it fails in the first of these requisites, it is not a " church," and it is not a " room ;" it is a toy and a sham.

The subject of the above remarks suggests to us the advisableness of replying here to the expressions of disappointment which we have received from various quarters, in consequence of our passing by Mr. Pugin's two last publications without notice. His *Earnest Address on the Hierarchy* and his book on Screens have seemed to many of our readers to demand a review in a journal which has so frequently handled the subjects which Mr. Pugin discusses. We have had but one reason for abstaining from noticing them, viz. their personal attacks on the Editor of the *Rambler* and his contributors. When a Catholic broadly states that he wishes persons who do not share his architectural views *to apostatise from the faith* ; when he asserts that screens were attacked in the *Rambler*, *in order to make that journal sell* ; and when he compares the conduct of its Editor to that of the Jews who cried out for the crucifixion of our Blessed Lord,—any thing like a review of the publications in which such statements occur becomes out of the question.

That, in common with most other Catholics, we have been shocked at Mr. Pugin's sympathies with the Anglican heresy, and at the language with which he has spoken of bishops, ecclesiastics, and nuns, simply because their artistic tastes differed from his own, is most true. Yet we have been little surprised at such a development of Mr. Pugin's theories. We have ever regarded Puginism as identical with Puseyism. It condemns the living Catholic Church in a manner which appears wholly inconsistent with a belief in her infallibility, and flies back to some past period, when her judges imagine her to have come up to *their* standard of perfection. Mr. Pugin's pamphlet has, therefore, been naturally hailed with delight by the Puseyites in the Established Church, and has become a greater scandal than any thing which has for a long time past taken place among us. For *their* sakes, indeed, it might

possibly have been better that we should have referred to Mr. Pugin's theories, as many of them do us the favour (so rarely accorded by Anglicans to Catholic writers) to read our pages. We may assure them, then, if not too late, that Mr. Pugin's views respecting the Reformation and Anglicanism are repudiated by every Catholic theologian in every part of Christendom; that there can be no doubt that his pamphlet would be placed on the *Index* if delated to Rome; and that it is only the knowledge that Mr. Pugin's extravagances supply their own best antidote which (as we are informed) has prevented parties in England from calling the attention of the Holy Office to the sentiments he has published.

Reviews.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHAT may not be expected from a man who disbelieves in Christianity and believes in Lord John Russell? From a mind thus afflicted with obliquity of vision one can hardly be surprised at receiving three volumes of autobiography, of which five-sixths have about as much connexion with the life of the "autobiographer" as M. Soyer's *Gastronomic Regenerator* with the science of natural history. The *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt* is as impudent a specimen of manufacture as professional *littérateur* ever palmed upon the public. Late in life it has been Mr. Hunt's fortune to acquire a certain measure of popularity. Victimised in his youth by a royal Bluebeard, he has been petted a little by the literary and reading world, now that he has learnt better manners to monarchs, and the dispensers of Treasury bounty have become "illustrious" in his eyes. Not that we mean that Mr. Hunt took to praising King William, Queen Victoria, and our present "illustrious" premier, with any deliberate view to a gift of four hundred pounds from the Bounty-fund, or an annual hundred from the Pension-list; far from it. The subsidence of the caustic editor of the *Examiner* into a writer of courtly verses and sentences redolent of his "lordship," is but the natural lapse of an intellect more lively than vigorous, coupled

with a moral nature which could print such an opinion as this: "I certainly think little of the habit of swearing, however idle, if it be carried no further than is done by many gallant and very good men, wise and great ones not excepted."

Nor do we think that Mr. Hunt's pension is ill-bestowed, on the principle on which *all* English pensions are bestowed. A man who had been so infamously used by a Tory king and administration had a kind of right to some acknowledgment of gratitude from the party whom he served, and for whom he suffered, when they came to have the control of the Pension-list. And it is but a fresh proof of the hollowness of Whig professions, when we see Lord Melbourne admitting Mr. Hunt's claims, yet refusing the pension he needed, because it was not proper that a man who had been found guilty of libelling one sovereign should be pensioned by another! Truly, Whig squeamishness is as unintelligible as Whig liberality.

Except in his politics and his cleverness, we must, however, do Mr. Hunt the justice to admit that he is the same as ever. He still thinks the atheist Shelley a "religious" man. He tells us that the Athanasian creed is "impious." His notions on purity are on a level with his notions on swearing. He can tolerate every thing except the doctrines of the Christian faith. And as to his own belief (so to call a mere negation), he tells us over and over again that the one great thing to be believed and taught is, that there is no hell.

For the rest, he is here, as in his other later productions, easy and smooth in style, with an occasional imaginative sparkle; discriminating, though shallow, in his criticisms; dainty even in his immorality; and perpetually telling the world how cheerful are his opinions, how he loves to mingle "philosophy and the belles lettres" with the rough realities of life, how pleased he is with every thing and every body, and how he hopes to shake hands with his past antagonists in "the Elysian fields," till we cry out "methinks the lady doth protest too much," and begin to suspect that, after all, Mr. Hunt's chief cheerfulness consists in informing other people how amiable he is, and that a more absurdly self-conscious and egotistical man does not exist in the whole race of minor poets.

Little as we love Mr. Hunt's earlier writings, we think them infinitely preferable to the milk-and-water, lackadaisical, and sawny sentimentalism of his later years. When benevolence takes to puffing itself, and scepticism begins to twaddle, the compound is such that none but an age which believes in nothing could give it a place among articles saleable.

Whether, indeed, this "Autobiography" has proved saleable, we cannot tell; but we suspect that a few more such

impositions will prove too much even for our present public. Mr. Hunt altogether made a mistake when he agreed with his publishers to write his own life in three volumes. Three chapters would have told us all that he has here related respecting himself, and a couple more would have finished off all the reminiscences of his friends and contemporaries which were worth putting on paper. Of the most interesting feature in his history—the progress of the *Examiner*—he has given us but a fragmentary and incomplete sketch; and what might have proved a really valuable episode in the political history of the times is nothing more than a clumsily introduced anecdote in the midst of a wilderness of remarks, and thoughts, and journals, and apologies, and protestations, and criticisms on books and things in general. The *real* literary life of any author of Mr. Hunt's merit and perseverance would always be interesting; its hopes and fears, its pangs and joys, its alternations of success and failure, with all that medley of business and management which constitutes the link between the writer and the bookseller, are generally sufficiently significative and sufficiently full of warning to be worth telling by any person who is content to tell his tale, and his tale only. Such a tale the "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt" is not.

Mr. Hunt's father was an American Protestant clergyman, of loyalist opinions, who came to England at the time of the Revolution, and was celebrated for preaching charity-sermons and reading the Liturgy in the true theatrical style. He was too free with his tongue and with his bottle to get on even in those days of port-wine "orthodoxy." On one occasion, having a warm discussion with some bishop, the prelate asked him "if he knew who he was." "Yes, my Lord," said Mr. Hunt, "dust and ashes."

Leigh Hunt himself was educated at the Blue-Coat School; and if any future maker of books desires to know how to treat the school-days of any person's life with the utmost imaginable longitude, we recommend him to try to get through our autobiographer's disquisitions on his childhood and youth, warning him, however, that he will have to master some 300 pages before he finds Mr. Hunt fairly come to man's estate.

With the account (such as it is) of the course of the *Examiner* newspaper, the autobiographer becomes interesting. He and his brother John set up the paper in 1808; its main objects being (as he tells us) "to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever." As proprietors the brothers were joint partners; but Leigh seems to have been the chief writer. He laboured

hard to write with all the condensed force and wit of the school of Swift, and undoubtedly succeeded in producing many brilliant and powerful articles. Taking the anti-Tory line, of course he was accused of Buonapartism. This he disclaims, and as a proof of his anti-Napoleonic feelings gives the following squib, reprinted from the first number of the *Examiner*.

" NAPOLEON IN HIS CABINET.

SCENE—*A Cabinet at St. Cloud.*

Nap. [*ruminating before a fire and grasping a poker.*] Who waits there?

Le M. May it please your majesty, your faithful soldier, Le Meurtrier.

Nap. Tell Sultan Mustapha that he is the last of the Sultans.

Le M. Yes, sire.

Nap. And, hark ye, desire the King of Holland to come to me directly.

Le M. Yes, sire.

Nap. And the King of Westphalia.—[*Aside*] I must tweak Jerome by the nose a little, to teach him dignity.

Le M. [*with hesitation.*] M. Champagne, sire, waits to know your majesty's pleasure respecting the King of Sweden.

Nap. Oh, tell him I'll let the boy alone for a month or two. And stay, Le Meurtrier; go to the editor of the *Moniteur*, and tell him to dethrone the Queen of Portugal. Spain's dethronement is put off to next year. Where's Bienseance?

[*Exit Le Meurtrier, and enter Bienseance.*

Bien. May it please your august majesty, Bienseance is before you.

Nap. Fetch me General F.'s head and a cup of coffee.

Bien. [*smiling with devotion.*] Every syllable uttered by the great Napoleon convinces Frenchmen that he is their father.

[*Exit Bienseance.*

Nap. [*meditating with ferocity.*] After driving the Turks out of Europe [*pokes the fire*], I must annihilate England [*gives a furious poke*]; but first I shall overrun India; then I shall request America and Africa to put themselves under my protection; and after making that great jackass, the Russian Emperor, one of my tributaries, crown myself emperor of the east, west, north, and south. Then I must have a balloon army, of which Garnerin shall be field-marshal; for I must positively take possession of the comet, because it makes a noise. That will assist me to conquer the solar system; and then I shall go with my army to the other systems; and then, I think, I shall go to the devil."

We who live towards what it is to be feared is the close of a long peace, should start to find ourselves suddenly in the midst of the gossip of a generation which estimated military glory at a price now unheard of, save among soldiers. Still,

another *jeu-d'esprit* from the early numbers of the *Examiner*, entitled "Breakfast Sympathies with the Miseries of War," is amusing enough.

"Two Gentlemen and a Lady at breakfast."

A. [*reading the newspaper, and eating at every two or three words.*] 'The combat lasted twelve hours, and the two armies separated at nine in the evening, leaving 30,000 men literally cut to pieces'—another piece of toast, if you please—'on the field of' Stop, 30,000 is it? [*looking at the paper closely*] Egad, I believe it's 50,000. Tom, is that a three or a five?

B. Oh, a five. That paper's horridly printed.

A. Very, indeed. Well, 'leaving 50,000 men on the field of battle.' 50,000! that's a great number to be killed with the bayonet, eh! War's a horrid [*sips*] thing.

The Lady. Oh, shocking! [*takes a large bit of toast.*]

B. Oh, monstrous! [*takes a larger.*]

A. [*reading on.*] 'One of the French generals of division, riding up to the emperor with a sabre covered with blood, after a charge of cavalry, exclaimed,'—stick your fork into that slice of ham for me, Tom—thank'ye—'exclaimed, There is not a man in my regiment whose sword is not like this. The two armi——'

B. What? What was that about the sword?

A. Why, his own sword, you know, was covered with blood. Didn't you hear me read it? And so he said, 'There is not a——'

B. Ay, ay—'whose sword is not like this.' I understand you. Gad, what a fellow!

A. [*sips.*] Oh, horrid!

The Lady. [*sips.*] Oh, shocking! Dash, get down; how can you be so?

A. 'The two armi——'

B. By the by, have you heard of Mrs. W.'s accident?

A. and the Lady. [*putting down their cups.*] No; what can it be?

A. Poor thing! her husband's half mad, I suppose.

B. Why, she has broken her arm.

The Lady. Good God! I declare you've made me quite sick. Poor dear Mrs. W.! Why, she'll be obliged to wear her arm in a sling. But she would go out this slippery weather, when the frost's enough to kill one.

B. Well, I must go and tell my father the news. Let's see—how many men killed, Charles?

A. 50,000.

B. Ah, 50,000. Good morning. [*Exit.*]

The Lady. Poor dear Mrs. W., I can't help thinking about her. A broken arm! Why, it's quite a dreadful thing. I wonder whether Mrs. F. has heard the news.

B. She'll see it in this morning's paper, you know.

Lady. Oh, what it's in the paper, is it?

B. [laughing.] Why, didn't you hear Charles read it just now?
Lady. Oh, that news. No, I mean poor Mrs. W. Poor dear!
 [meditating] I wonder whether she'll wear a black sling or a blue.
 [Exeunt.]

The paper had not been established a year when the Government of the day thought it worth while to persecute it. A certain Major Hogan, who had been in the army seventeen years, had been ill used by the War-office; and going straight to the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, he favoured the Duke with a few such unexpected truths respecting the immoralities and intrigues which helped on the promotion of officers, that the commander-in-chief was unable even to utter a syllable of reply. The Major followed up this attack with a pamphlet, which he was offered a large bribe to suppress. On its appearance the *Examiner* commented on it with a freedom which drew down a government prosecution. A member of Parliament, however, Colonel Wardle, brought forward a motion in the House of Commons for the investigation of the Major's charges; and the Government, in fear, thought it best to drop the prosecution.

Before another year was out, the Tories were again in arms against the Hunts. A certain article in the paper contained the following words: "Of all monarchs since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." We can hardly conceive a political prosecution now grounded on such a charge. It is only Catholics who are persecuted for saying and doing *nothing* now-a-days. In the good old times it was otherwise, and the *Examiner* was speedily pounced upon by the Attorney-General. This time again it escaped; but a third prosecution consigned Mr. Hunt and his brother to gaol for two years, and made them pay a fine of five hundred pounds a piece. Its origin is thus related:

"There was an annual dinner of the Irish on St. Patrick's day, at which the Prince of Wales's name used to be the reigning and rapturous toast, as that of the greatest friend they possessed in the United Kingdom. He was held to be the jovial advocate of liberality in all things, and sponsor in particular for concession to the Catholic claims. But the Prince of Wales, now become Prince Regent, had retained the Tory ministers of his father; he had broken life-long engagements; had violated his promises, particular as well as general, those to the Catholics among them; and led *in toto* a different political life from what had been expected. The name, therefore, which used to be hailed with rapture, was now, at the dinner in question, received with hisses."

The article in which the *Examiner* gave an account of

this dinner supplied the materials for the Government attack. It is too long to give entire; but as a specimen of the cleverness and finish of Mr. Hunt's political papers, a portion will be welcome. We must prefix to it our "cheerful" infidel's anticipations of his future intercourse with the Regent in that coming state of bliss which he so often tells us awaits himself, with all the sinners and scoundrels who ever spread a blight over the face of the earth. Certainly here *is* Cockney scepticism in its perfection: it is the very bathos of unbelief.

"Could I meet him" (George the Fourth) "in some odd corner of the Elysian fields, where charity had room for both of us, I should first apologise to him for having been the instrument in the hand of events for attacking a fellow-creature, and then expect to hear him avow as hearty a regret for having injured myself, and unjustly treated his wife."

Oh, for some modern Virgil to paint the rencontre of the Regent and his wife, and Lord Brougham, and Leigh Hunt, and Alderman Wood, and all the scandal-mongers and scandal-makers of those happy days, in the bowers of Mr. Hunt's Elysium! Why does not Leigh Hunt himself attempt the task, and become the Dante of the new religion? "Purgatory" and "Hell," of course, he cannot paint; but who so fitting as he to picture the everlasting rewards of the saints of the new calendar, and babble in soft verse the Paradisiacal conversations of the list of heroes whose virtues he has recorded in the closing chapter of his book: "the Lamennais and Robert Owens, the Parkers, the Foxtons, the Newmans," "the Mendelssohns, the Lavaters, the Herders, the Williamses, the Priestleys, the Channings, Adam Clarkes, Halls, Carlyles, Emersons, Hares, Maurices, Whateleys, Foxes, and Vaughans?"

But we return to our poet's views of the same Prince Regent in the year 1812, as expounded in an article called *The Prince on St. Patrick's Day*.

"The Prince Regent is still in every body's mouth; and, unless he is as insensible to biting as to bantering, a delicious time he has of it in that remorseless ubiquity! If a person takes in a newspaper, the first thing he does, when he looks at it, is to give the old groan and say, 'Well, what of the Prince Regent now?' If he goes out after breakfast, the first friend he meets is sure to begin talking about the Prince Regent; and the two always separate with a shrug. He who is lounging along the street will take your arm, and turn back with you to expatiate on the Prince Regent; and he in a hurry, who is skimming the other side of the way, hallooes out as he goes, 'Fine things these of the Prince Regent!' You can scarcely pass by two people talking together but you shall hear

the words 'Prince Regent;'—'if the Prince Regent has done that, he must be—' or such as 'the Prince Regent and Lord Yar—,' the rest escapes in the distance. At dinner the Prince Regent quite eclipses the goose or the calf's-head; the tea-table, of course, rings of the Prince Regent; if the company go to the theatre to see the *Hypocrite*, or the new farce of *Turn Out*, they cannot help thinking of the Prince Regent; and, as Dean Swift extracted philosophical meditation from a broomstick, so it would not be surprising if any serious person, in going to bed, should find in his very nightcap something to remind him of the merits of the Prince Regent. In short, there is no other subject but one that can at all pretend to a place in the attention of our countrymen, and that is their old topic, the weather; their whole sympathies are at present divided between the Prince Regent and the barometer.

'Nocte pluit totâ: redeunt spectacula manè;—
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.'

VIRGIL.

All night the weeping tempests blow;
All day our state surpasseth shew;
Doubtless a blessed empire share
The Prince of Wales and Prince of Air."

* * * *

"An assembly met the other day at the Freemasons' Tavern to celebrate the Irish anniversary of Saint Patrick; and I shall proceed to extract from the *Morning Chronicle* such passages of what passed on the occasion as apply to his royal highness, in order that the reader may see at once what is now thought of him, not by Whigs and Pittites, or any other party of the state, but by the fondest and most trusting of his fellow-subjects—by those whose hearts have danced at his name, who have caught from it inspiration to their poetry, patience to their afflictions, and hope to their patriotism.

"The anniversary of this day—a day always precious in the estimation of an Irishman—was celebrated yesterday at the Freemasons' Tavern by a numerous and highly respectable assemblage of individuals. The Marquis of Lansdowne presided at the meeting, supported by the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Moira, Mr. Sheridan, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Sheriff Heygate, &c. &c. When the cloth was removed, *Non nobis Domine* was sung; after which the Marquis of Lansdowne, premising that the meeting was assembled for purposes of charity rather than of party or political feeling, gave 'the health of the King,' which was drunk with enthusiastic and rapturous applause. This was followed by 'God save the King;' and then the noble marquis gave 'the health of the Prince Regent,' which was drunk with partial applause and *loud and reiterated hisses*. The next toast, which called forth great and continued applause, lasting nearly five minutes, was 'the Navy and Army.'

"The interests of the charity were then considered; and, after a procession of the children (a sight worth all the gaudy and hollow flourish of military and courtly pomps), a very handsome collection

was made from the persons present. Upon this, the toasts were resumed; and 'Lord Moira's health being drunk with loud and reiterated cheering,' his lordship made a speech, in which *not a word was uttered of the Regent*. Here let the reader pause a moment, and consider what a quantity of meaning must be wrapped up in the silence of such a man with regard to his old companion and prince. Lord Moira universally bears the character of a man who is generous to a fault; he is even said to be almost unacquainted with the language of denial or rebuke; and if this part of his character has been injurious to him, it has at least, with his past and his present experience, helped him to a thorough knowledge of the prince's character. Yet this nobleman, so generous, so kindly affectioned, so well experienced, even he has nothing to say in favour of his old acquaintance. * * * *

"The healths of the vice-presidents were then given; and after a short speech from Lord Mountjoy, and much *anticipating* clamour with 'Mr. Sheridan's health,' Mr. Sheridan *at length* arose, and in a low tone of voice returned his thanks for the honourable notice by which so large a meeting of his countrymen thought proper to distinguish him. (*Applause.*) He had ever been proud of Ireland, and hoped that his country might never have cause to be ashamed of him. (*Applause.*) Ireland never forgot those who did all they could do, however little that might be, in behalf of her best interests. All allusion to politics had been industriously deprecated by their noble chairman. He was aware that charity was the immediate object of their meeting; but standing as he did before an assembly of his countrymen, he could not affect to disguise his conviction, that at the present crisis Ireland involved in itself every consideration dear to the best interests of the empire. (*Hear, hear.*) It was therefore that he was most anxious that nothing should transpire in that meeting calculated to injure those great objects, or to visit with undeserved censure the conduct of persons whose love to Ireland was as cordial and as zealous as it ever had been. He confessed frankly, that, knowing as he did the unaltered and unalterable sentiments of one *illustrious personage* towards Ireland, he could not conceal from the meeting that he had felt considerably shocked at the *sulky coldness* and *surly discontent* with which they had on that evening drunk the health of the Prince Regent. (Here we are sorry to observe that Mr. S. was interrupted by *no very equivocal* symptoms of disapprobation.) When silence was somewhat restored, Mr. Sheridan said that he knew the Prince Regent well—(*hisses*)—he knew his *principles*—(*hisses*),—they would, at least he hoped, give him credit for believing that he knew them when he said he did. (*Applause.*) He repeated, that he knew well the principles of the Prince Regent; and that so well satisfied was he that they were all that Ireland could wish, that he (Mr. Sheridan) hoped, that as he had lived up to them, so he might die in the principles of the Prince Regent. (*Hisses and applause.*) He should be sorry personally to have merited their disapprobation.

(General applause, with cries of 'Change the subject, and speak out.') He could only assure them, that the Prince Regent remained unchangeably true to those principles. (*Here the clamours became so loud and general, that we could collect nothing more.*) * *

"It is impossible, however, before the present article is closed, to resist an observation or two on the saddest of these ministerial papers. Our readers are aware that the *Morning Post*, above all its rivals, has a faculty of carrying its nonsense to a pitch that becomes amusing in spite of itself, and affords relief to one's feelings in the very excess of its inflictions. Its paper of Thursday last, in answer to a real or pretended correspondent, contained the following paragraph: 'The publication of the article of a friend, relative to the ungenerous, unmanly conduct, displayed at a late public meeting, though evidently well meant, would only serve to give consequence to a set of worthless beings, whose imbecile efforts are best treated with sovereign contempt.' *Worthless beings and sovereign contempt!* * * * *

"Help us, benevolent compositers, to some mark or other, some significant and comprehensive index, that shall denote a laugh of an hour's duration. If any one of our readers should not be so well acquainted as another with the taste and principles of this bewitching *Post*, he may be curious to see what notions of praise and political justice are entertained by the persons whose contempt is so overwhelming.

"He shall have a specimen; and when he is reading it, let him lament, in the midst of his laughter, that a paper capable of such sickening adulation should have the power of finding its way to the table of an English prince, and of helping to endanger the country by polluting the sources of its government. The same page which contained the specimen of contempt above mentioned, contained also a set of wretched commonplace lines in French, Italian, Spanish, and English, *literally* addressing the Prince Regent in the following terms, among others: 'You are the *glory of the people*'—'You are the *protector of the arts*'—'You are the *Mecænas of the age*'—'Wherever you appear, *you conquer all hearts*, wipe away tears, excite *desire and love*, and win *beauty* towards you'—'You breathe *eloquence*'—'You inspire the *graces*'—'You are *Adonis in loveliness!*' 'Thus gifted,' it proceeds in English,—

'Thus gifted with each grace of mind,
Born to delight and bless mankind,
Wisdom, with Pleasure in her train,
Great prince! shall signalise thy reign:
To Honour, Virtue, Truth allied;
The nation's safeguard and its pride;
With monarchs of immortal fame
Shall bright renown enrol thy name.'

"What person unacquainted with the true state of the case would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this '*glory of*

the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches!—that this '*protector of the arts*' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen!—that this '*Mecænas of the age*' patronised not a single deserving writer!—that this '*breather of eloquence*' could not say a few decent extempore words; if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal!—that this '*conqueror of hearts*' was the disappointment of hopes!—that this '*exciter of desire*' [bravo! Messieurs of the *Post*!], this '*Adonis in loveliness*,' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal* prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity!

"These are hard truths; but are they *not* truths? And have we not suffered enough—are we not now suffering bitterly—from the disgusting flatteries of which the above is a repetition? The ministers may talk of the shocking boldness of the press, and may throw out their wretched warnings about interviews between Mr. Perceval and Sir Vicary Gibbs; but let us inform them, that such vices as have just been enumerated are shocking to all Englishmen who have a just sense of the state of Europe; and that he is a bolder man who, in times like the present, dares to afford reason for the description. Would to God the *Examiner* could ascertain that difficult, and perhaps undiscoverable, point which enables a public writer to keep clear of an appearance of the love of scandal, while he is hunting out the vices of those in power! Then should one paper, at least, in this metropolis help to rescue the nation from the charge of silently encouraging what it must publicly rue; and the Sardapalus who is now afraid of none but informers be taught to shake, in the midst of his minions, in the very drunkenness of his heart, at the voice of honesty. But if this be impossible, still there is one benefit which truth may derive from adulation—one benefit which is favourable to the former in proportion to the grossness of the latter, and of which none of his flatterers seem to be aware—the opportunity of contradicting its assertions. Let us never forget this advantage, which adulation cannot help giving us; and let such of our readers as are inclined to deal insincerely with the great from a false notion of policy and of knowledge of the world, take warning from what we now see of the miserable effects of courtly disguise, paltering, and profligacy. Flattery in any shape is unworthy a man and a gentleman; but political flattery is almost a request to be made slaves. If we would have the great to be what they ought, we must find some means or other to speak of them as they are."

Such was the political writing which in the year 1812 was visited with heavy fine and imprisonment. Mr. Hunt conjec-

tures—probably truly enough—that it was the laugh at the “corpulent man of fifty” which gave the sting to the arrow. After sentence was passed, the brothers were given to understand, “through the medium of a third person, but in a manner emphatically serious and potential,” that if they would let the Prince alone for the future, they should not go to prison. On their going to prison, the same offer was repeated, so far as the fine was concerned. They refused both offers. In gaol Mr. Leigh Hunt was treated leniently, and found himself tolerably comfortable; and good care he takes to tell us how “cheerful” he made every thing become. When he was again free, he cultivated his friendship with Byron, Shelley, and others of the same school. By and by, the profits of the *Examiner* began to diminish, and Mr. Hunt went to Italy, where, with Lord Byron, he helped in the burning of Shelley’s body, after the true Pagan fashion. After this he quarrelled with Byron; but the quarrel, as all the incidents in his life, he rather alludes to than relates. Then follows a lengthy account of Mr. Hunt’s visits to a few parts of Italy; and the remainder of the book gives a brief history of his literary life until the present time, interspersed with an abundance of irrelevant matter. The volumes contain also a few unpublished letters from Byron, Moore, and Shelley, for the most part sufficiently uninteresting. May every book that advocates the same principles be found equally dull and uninviting!

QUEEN MARY.

The Clifton Tracts. Queen Mary and her People. No. 2.
The Smithfield Fires. Burns and Lambert.

IF we wished to choose a specially striking instance of contradiction between men’s words and actions, we should probably single out the popular professions respecting religious toleration. A man who openly and honestly says, in this present day of hypocrisies, “I am a persecutor; in such and such case I would imprison or exile persons for their religious opinions,”—such a man is a rarity of the scarcest sort. “Persecution,” the world says, “is contrary to the spirit of the meek and mild religion of the Saviour; it is barbarous; it is irrational; it is bloodthirsty; above all, it is Popish.” Yet, from Greenland to Cape Horn, from the Rocky Moun-

tains to the Celestial Empire, we do not believe that a single human being is to be found who, in some circumstances or other, would not punish his fellow-creatures because of their religion. They who profess the principles of universal toleration are like the sage philosopher who protested that it is nothing more than the force of habit which makes us cry "Oh!" when we are hurt. He himself, he asseverated, had completely cured himself of the foolish trick, and whenever *he* was hurt, cried out "Q! Q!" giving himself at the same time two or three smartish raps on the arm, and loudly ejaculating "Q! Q!" Whereupon a stander-by quietly walked round our philosopher, and hitting him suddenly on the back of his head, elicited an instantaneous "Oh!" which put to flight all his previous crotchets, and vindicated the claims of the natural cry of mankind.

Just such are these advocates of universal toleration. "Persecution is the vice of uncivilised ages; in the nineteenth century we are cured of it; it is the glory of an Englishman to tolerate Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; England is the land of civil and religious liberty." Thus they talk, glorifying themselves with illustrations of their liberality of their own choosing or inventing; when suddenly the words, "The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster" greets their eyes; and in an instant the lamb is transformed into the lion—(the *British* lion, of course)—and the land resounds with cries for the instant persecution of those who dare to worship according to the religion of the Pope of Rome.

And such has *ever* been the conduct of our fellow-countrymen, long before an Archbishop of Westminster was heard of. How long is it since Catholics have been tolerated in Parliament? How many of the old penal laws are still unrepealed? How many "tolerant" Englishmen are there who would hire a Catholic cook or housemaid? How many ultra-liberal fathers and mothers who would not visit the conversion of their children to Catholicism by an alteration in their wills? How many politicians who would not put every possible civil obstacle in the way of the public preaching of Monks and Jesuits? How many merchants who, if they had to choose a Mahometan or a Catholic for a clerk, would not prefer the Mahometan? They are all alike; they have no faith in toleration; in practice they find it contrary to the laws of common sense, and push its suggestions aside as the dreams of an unreal sentimentalism. At this very moment the laws in Protestant countries against Catholicism are every whit as severe as those in Catholic countries against Protestantism. In Denmark, for instance, there are only five places in the whole

kingdom where the Catholic worship is tolerated at all. A Russian subject cannot, we believe, become a Catholic without forfeiting every thing that he possesses.

And as the most ultra-tolerant of talkers have no true belief in their own professions, so they never give Catholics credit for sincerity when *they* fall in with the fashionable phraseology of the day, and protest that they would tolerate every man's creed to the fullest extent. Certainly they are marvellously astonished to hear these novel views proceeding from the mouths of the children of those who slew the Calvinists in Holland and the Albigenses in France, and filled Smithfield with fagots and flames. Wonderful, indeed, they say, must be the advance in civilisation, and blessed the influence of English Protestantism, when even a Papist can preach tolerance, and embrace in fraternal charity a Socinian and a Jew. But as for believing that such a Papist is thoroughly *sincere*—as for giving him credit for being *neither* a questionable Catholic nor a cunning deceiver—that is far enough from their thoughts. Never do we fall into a more grievous error than when we think to conciliate Protestants by donning a pseudo-Protestant mask. A more suicidal policy was never devised than that which is adopted by that strange *lusus naturæ*, a “liberal Catholic.” The acuteness of the Protestant mind comes instantly into full play and detects the sham. At fault when it would probe its own hollownesses, and far from suspecting itself of being a more violent persecutor than Catholicism, it smiles at *our* efforts at compromise with heresy, and only believes us sincere by imputing to us a secret disaffection to our real creed.

Counting, then, the concealment of our true opinions as the most unwise of policies, we have ever avowed our conviction that in certain circumstances what is called “persecution” is both lawful and expedient. We regard it as equally repugnant to reason and revelation to suppose that those who are the depositaries of civil power and civil influence should not exercise this power and this influence in such a manner as to promote *all* the best interests of mankind, both temporal and eternal. Believing that secular government and the framework of society are the appointment of almighty God, and not the invention of the devil, we cannot conceive how it can be other than the *duty* of government and of society to uphold that other and better work of the same almighty God, namely, the religion which He has given to save men's souls. The sole question that remains is, how *best* to serve the interests of religion; that is, whether by absolute toleration of all error, or by a careful adaptation of temporal punishments to the circum-

stances of each individual case of heresy. Of course, persecution must be directed against that which *is* heresy. To persecute Catholicism is to sin against almighty God; to persecute Protestantism, or Judaism, or infidelity, is perfectly right, provided only it be so judiciously planned and executed as not to defeat its own ends. Persecution is not a good thing absolutely; and irrespective of its results, it may be a frightful evil. In an immense number of cases we conceive that the persecution of heretics has been in the highest degree inexpedient; and if we were compelled to choose between the universal persecution or the universal toleration of Protestants, in all probability we should choose the latter. The course of history, as well as natural common sense, shews that in many cases the absolute toleration of error is the surest means for preventing its propagation, and that in almost all cases the most lenient forms of persecution have proved more efficacious than the more severe.

Any thing less than the extermination of its teachers, whether by banishment, imprisonment, or death, rarely, *if ever*, succeeds; while extermination, except where its adherents are very few in number, is manifestly impossible, and while the appearance of *needless* severity creates a sympathy for the sufferers which would never be awakened by mere measures of repression, as gentle as the circumstances would possibly admit.

Little, moreover, as Protestants suppose it, it is an undeniable fact, that the Holy See itself has been ever the most earnest of opponents of excessive severity in the persecution of heretics. The English world, so far as it troubles itself to discriminate in such matters at all, imagines that the surest way to stay the persecuting spirit of Catholics is to detach them as far as possible from the Pope, and to nationalise them in their faith as well as in their politics. Yet, as certainly as that Great Britain is an island, the bloody persecutions of heresy, one and all, owe their severity to this very national and anti-Papal tendency in their originators and perpetrators. Again and again has the Pope interfered in behalf of the sufferer, again and again has all violence been opposed by ultramontane Catholics, and again and again have these persecutions been made doubly sanguinary with the sole view of strengthening the power of the temporal government, to the manifest contempt and injury of the rights of the Holy See and the Episcopate. The records of the Inquisition in *Spain* furnish some of the most striking proofs of the abhorrence entertained by the Holy See of all needless severity; as the very last attacks made upon the Inquisition in *Rome* shew

that if the Holy Office has erred at all when under the immediate shadow of the Vatican, it has erred on the side of excessive leniency.

But we need not go to Spain for proofs of the cruelty of nationalised Catholicism, or to Rome for proofs of the gentleness of Ultramontaniam. England itself supplies its pregnant testimony to the folly of those politicians who think to rob Rome of her severities by Gallicanising her children, and bribing them to think more of the Queen than of the Pope. That "reign of terror," the bugbear of Protestant boyhood, and the last resource of Exeter Hall,—the reign of "Bloody Mary,"—is itself a sufficient proof that it is not Ultramontaniam, but Nationalism, which delights in the shedding of heretical blood, and which is afraid to tolerate the existence of a Protestant preacher. There stand the facts, clear and irrefragable. It is not the Pope, it is not the Cardinal, it is not the Spanish friar, who lights the Smithfield fires as the only means of putting a stop to the deadly poison of Calvin and Cranmer. It is that wretched, worldly, king-serving party, the anti-Papal Catholics, as they were termed, who became Protestants under Henry and Edward, and then Catholics again under Mary, who, having got possession of the executive of the kingdom, force upon the queen their bloody executions, and make the burning of heretics the instrument for consolidating their own power. So it is, and so certain Protestant historians have from time to time confessed it. Unhappily, the popular compilations of English history from which our fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen learn their modicum of knowledge of the past, are as false on this point as on every other in which religion is concerned; and it has been no easy matter to put into their hands any statement of the real truth sufficiently brief to ensure their attention. For the sum of three-halfpence, however, any person who wishes to satisfy himself or others as to the actual causes of the burnings under Queen Mary may now be gratified. Of the many excellent tracts already published in the Clifton Series, edited by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Northcote, none, we think, are more to the purpose or more useful, than the two tracts called *Queen Mary and her People*. The second of the two especially handles the question of the Smithfield fires in a manner which must open the eyes of every person who has hitherto looked back to the days of "Bloody Mary" with either horror or regret. Though written in the most straightforward and unpretending style, the matter and manner are so good that few of our readers, even the best-instructed, will regret the quarter of an hour necessary for reading the tract.

A few paragraphs will shew the manner in which the subject is treated.

First, as to the provocations given by the Protestants, and the consequent impossibility of avoiding *all* severity :

“ A clerk of the council in the former reign, and one of Wyatt's followers, conspired to assassinate the Queen, and was found guilty and executed. On the scaffold he justified his treason, and said he died for his country. An impostor was suborned to personate Edward VI., as if he were not really dead. On occasion of public prayers being ordered for the Queen, several of the reformed congregations prayed for her death. So notorious was this practice, that an act had been passed declaring it to be treason ; and so little did the leaders of the Reformation feel its enormity, that when thirty of these zealots, with their preacher, were imprisoned for the offence, Bishop Hooper sent a letter to comfort them, as suffering saints. Again, one of the Queen's preachers was shot at in the pulpit at Paul's Cross, the bullet passing very near him ; and two of her chaplains were insulted and pelted with stones as they walked in the streets. Aspersions of the foulest nature were thrown upon the Queen's character, and the most false and malicious tales put in circulation in order to poison the minds of the people against her. Even ‘ pious frauds ’ were resorted to by the disaffected. One of their contrivances was as follows. Extraordinary sounds were heard to issue from the wall of an uninhabited house in Aldersgate Street, which were interpreted to the crowd by persons who seemed to be there by accident like the rest. Several thousands of persons assembled. Some said it was an angel, a voice from heaven, the voice of the Holy Ghost warning a wicked and unbelieving generation. When the crowd shouted, ‘ God save Queen Mary ! ’ it answered nothing. When they cried, ‘ God save the Lady Elizabeth ! ’ it answered, ‘ So be it. ’ If they asked, ‘ What is the Mass ? ’ it answered, ‘ Idolatry. ’ It also spoke against confession and other Catholic practices ; and threatened the people with war, famine, pestilence, and earthquake. Every day the tumult increased ; at last workmen were sent by the magistrates to demolish the wall, when a young girl crept out of her hiding-place, and confessed that she had been hired and instructed to act her part by some of the reformed, for the purpose of exciting an outbreak.

“ Another very important fact must also be mentioned. The Protestant party in England were in communication with a Protestant faction in France, and were encouraged by the Catholic king and government of that country, who disliked the Spanish match, because they feared that England would unite with the Emperor of Germany against France. The French ambassador in England, contrary to all the laws commonly observed between nations, and all the principles of good faith, entered into a secret correspondence with the Protestant leaders, and with the discontented whoever they might be. He admitted them to midnight conferences in his own

house, and urged them to take up arms against the Queen, promising them at the same time aid from France. The French king (Henry II.) sanctioned these intrigues, and sent money for the relief of the more needy among the conspirators; he opened an asylum for the English rebels, and ordered the governors of his ports and the officers of his navy to furnish them with all the aid they conveniently could without discovery; nor to the last did he cease corresponding with the factious and fomenting rebellion. All this was known to Mary and her advisers; and it is needless to inquire what effect it had upon them. In punishing these secret plotters, they could hardly feel that they were persecuting pure lovers of the gospel, especially as their patron was a Catholic prince."

Next, as to the share taken by the Pope, the Legate, and the Bishops, in promoting the sanguinary character of the punishment of heretics:

"Now, then, comes the question, Who was it—or who were they—who advised and originated these sanguinary proceedings? Was it the Catholic Church—the Pope, the Pope's Legate, and the Bishops? Let Protestant historians give the answer. And first of Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, Bishop Burnet writes, that 'he never set on the clergy to persecute heretics, but to reform themselves;' and that from the first 'he professed himself the enemy of extreme proceedings.' He said that 'pastors ought to have bowels even to their straying sheep; Bishops were fathers, and ought to look on those that erred as their sick children, and not for that to kill them; he had seen too that severe proceedings did rather inflame than cure that disease.' 'There was a great difference,' he urged, 'to be made between a nation uninfected, where some few teachers came to spread errors, and a nation that had been overrun with them, both clergy and laity.' Another writes, that 'he advised that they should rest themselves satisfied with the restitution of their own religion; that the statutes against heresy should be held forth for a terror only; but that no open prosecution should be raised' against the Protestants. 'That it was not to be expected people would be *dragged* out of their errors all at once, but that they ought to be *led* back by degrees.' And from the moment he became Archbishop of Canterbury (which he did at Cranmer's death) all severities were put a stop to in his diocese; the only executions that took place being ordered while he lay upon his death-bed, and probably, therefore, without his knowing even the fact of their occurrence. At all events, then, it is plain that the Legate had no instructions from the Pope to urge the government to acts of violence; and this alone ought to convince any reasonable person that Catholics are not bound by the very principles of their religion, as their adversaries falsely say, to exterminate the enemies of the faith. Bishop Gardiner, again, is generally charged by Protestants with being foremost in recommending the shedding of blood; but certainly without sufficient evidence. The only occasion on which he took any part what-

ever in the execution of the law was that on which, by virtue of his office as chancellor, he declared certain persons to be on their own confession heretics, and by such declaration delivered them as prisoners to the civil power. After the execution of these men he never again appears upon the scene; and a Protestant writer says, that there is every reason to believe that 'he disapproved such sanguinary intolerance.' Even those who are most loud in their accusations against him, allow that he was for 'taking away only the principal supporters of the heretics, and some of the more pragmatic preachers,' and for 'sparing the rest;' which shews that he was no advocate for wholesale persecution. And one thing at least is certain, that in his own diocese not a single execution for heresy took place.

"But more than this: a most earnest endeavour was made to stay such proceedings altogether. Five or six persons from the humblest classes being condemned to die, Alphonsus di Castro, a Spanish friar, and confessor to King Philip, in a sermon which he preached before him, boldly denounced the measures taken against the Protestants as contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and bade the Bishops look to the office with which Christ had entrusted them. Hereupon 'the Bishops openly declared against these sanguinary methods,' and a stop was put to any further severities; the council also seemed disposed to relent, when unhappily the outrage in St. Margaret's Church occurred, to which I have alluded; other fanatical excesses were committed; and, what had the worst effect of all, a conspiracy of a formidable character was detected, which had for its object the overthrowing of the government. This turned the scale against the prisoners, and the fires were again kindled. Nor must you suppose that the Bishops generally were forward in promoting the wishes of the government. The contrary is the fact. Many instances are recorded by Protestant writers of their having exercised mercy even with danger to themselves. Often they declined the odious task of proceeding against those who were brought before them, sometimes refusing to receive the prisoners, at others suffering the charges to lie over until they were forgotten. 'The Bishops,' says a Protestant writer, 'eagerly availed themselves of any subterfuge by which they could escape pronouncing these revolting sentences.' Nor was it, in fact, until the council addressed a circular letter of admonition, or rather of rebuke, to the whole Episcopate, for their want of zeal in the cause of religion and the country's peace, that they took the matter seriously in hand. This letter thus far completely clears the Bishops. It charges them with refusing to receive 'the disordered persons' who had been brought before them, or if they received them, with not 'proceeding against them according to the order of justice, but rather suffering them to continue in their errors.'

"On the whole, then, it is most certain that the clergy shrunk from the odious office which the state imposed upon them; that they always inclined to the side of mercy, and even incurred the displea-

sure of the civil power in their desire to screen the unhappy offenders. 'Of fourteen bishoprics,' says a Protestant historian, 'the Catholic prelates used their influence so successfully as altogether to prevent bloodshed in nine, and to reduce it within limits in the remaining five.' And this is true even of Bishop Bonner, that 'bloody wolf,' as Fox called him. Dr. Maitland has shewn that he has been falsely charged with cruelty, or undue harshness in the discharge of his unwelcome office; that, on the contrary, he treated the accused with remarkable lenity and forbearance, often remanding the prisoners in order to give them time for reflection, thus inducing many to recant, and taking care to proceed only by due course of law. He did not make the law, and would gladly not have acted upon it; but when those whose duty it was to maintain order in the state assured him, as they did all the Bishops, that it was impossible to preserve the public peace unless the law was put in force, it must at least be allowed that his position was a difficult and a responsible one. And this, then, is all for which I would contend. The Church did not originate or advise these measures. It was not the Church, the Papal Legate, or the Bishops, or the priests, who urged on the government against the Protestants; but it was the government which urged the Bishops to carry out the law, and that on the ground that Protestant opinions were made the cloak for every manner of disorder and impiety. Persons were brought into the Bishops' courts accused of heresy and sacrilege; and the Bishops simply heard the charges, and judged according to the evidence. Heresy and sacrilege were, as a matter of fact, punishable by law; and they could no more refuse to try such cases, when formally brought before them,—the government at the same time insisting on the prosecution,—than the judges of the land at the present day could refuse to try persons accused of sedition, rioting, or other misdemeanours."

Again, on the Queen's own share in the work :

"I am not denying that Mary gave a general consent to the infliction of capital punishment; but it was to be done with moderation and discretion. Upon her council advising extreme measures, she said she would have them act 'without rashness;' and though she put in no plea for such as by learning might 'deceive the simple,' she desired that the rest should be 'so used that the people might well perceive them not to be condemned without just occasion.' At any rate, no blood-thirstiness of spirit is here displayed; and remember the provocation she had received, and the grounds she had for thinking that mercy was thrown away on those with whom she had to do. She herself had met with neither pity nor common courtesy from the Reformers while they were in power; the privacy of her family worship had been invaded, and her household persecuted; she had been insulted by one of the Protestant Bishops in her palace; and owed her life more to the protection of her kinsman, Charles V., and the fear of her enemies, than to their

sense of justice. She had seen the Catholic Bishops confined for years in dungeons; the ancient faith proscribed; attendance at the new service enforced by every penalty short of death; the will of her father, although secured by oath, violated in her despite; the succession changed because she was a Catholic; an armed force resisting her lawful rights; insurrections threatening her throne from the same party; her religion outraged and insulted. All this should be remembered before we condemn her for listening to her counsellors; but still, in point of fact, what part did she take in the Smithfield fires? Her biographer declares that all the time they lasted, she was 'a prey to the severest headaches, her head being frightfully swelled; she was likewise subject to perpetual attacks of hysteria, which other women exhale by tears or piercing cries (thus, by the way, implying her extraordinary self-command). Who can believe that a woman in this state of mortal suffering was capable of governing a kingdom, or that she was accountable for any thing done in it?' Fox confirms this view: 'sometimes,' he reports, 'she lay weeks without speaking, as one dead; and more than once the rumour went that she had died in child-bed.' 'For a few afternoons, at times, the Queen struggled to pay the attention to business she had formerly done; but her health gave way in the attempt, and she was seen no more at council.' And afterwards, the writer shews that on particular occasions (she mentions expressly that of Cranmer's execution) the Queen was not present at the council, and that her signature was wanting to warrants of arrest. Finally, let me quote you the opinion of a Protestant historian, 'who lived too near the time to be deceived:' 'She had been a worthy princess,' he says, 'if as little cruelty had been done under her as *by* her. She hated to equivocate, and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or conduct for fear or flattery.'"

Lastly, as to the real character of the men who held the reins of government under Mary:

"These men" (who had almost all of them turned Protestants in Edward's reign) "were now in power; and though they had consented to acknowledge the Pope's supremacy, they had not done so in a spirit of faith, or of attachment to the Holy See. They were men of no principle, or at least of low principle. They preferred being Catholics as a matter of taste and conviction; but before all things they were men of the world. They were political Catholics, national Catholics. They acted, if not wholly yet principally, from worldly motives. They followed the suggestions of human policy and prudence. These were the men who, under provocation, kindled the fires of Smithfield; and thus brought reproach upon the religion they professed, and the Queen whom they pretended to serve. They had none of that gentle, loving, forbearing temper, which is so peculiarly the mind of Christ. They thought to carry things with a high hand, and to put down opposition to the truth with carnal weapons; that is to say, by the mere force of the temporal power. But

be this as it may, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that Mary's government was not in spirit and in truth a Catholic government. *It was composed of anti-Papal Catholics.* And this is no invention of mine to serve a purpose. The Protestant biographer of Mary, whom I have before quoted, declares the same; and I beg you to mark her words: 'The principal calamities of Mary's life had been inflicted by the anti-Papal Catholics, who were at this era greatly superior in numbers and political power to either of the others (Protestants or Papal Catholics). From their ranks had been drawn the rigorous ministry that aided Henry VIII. in his long course of despotic cruelty, his rapacity, his bigamies, and his religious persecutions. The survivors of this junta were now the ministers of Queen Mary.' It was they who 'oppressed the people, defied the laws, bullied or corrupted the judges, cajoled and really controlled the crown.' And again, speaking of the parliaments 'which legalised these acts of cruelty:' 'Shall we call the House of Lords *bigoted*, when its majority consisted of the same individuals who had planted very recently the Protestant Church of England? Surely not; for the term implies honest though wrong-headed attachment to *one* religion. . . . The majority of the persons composing the Houses of Peers and Commons were dishonest, indifferent to all religions, and willing to establish the most opposing rituals, so that they might retain their grasp on the accursed thing with which their very souls were corrupted. The Church lands, with which Henry VIII. had bribed his aristocracy, titled and untitled, into co-operation with his enormities, both personal and political, had induced national depravity. . . . Yet all ought not to be included in one sweeping censure; a noble minority of good men, disgusted at the detestable penal laws which lighted the torturing fires for the Protestants, seceded bodily from the House of Commons, after vainly opposing them. This glorious band was composed of Catholics as well as Protestants; it was headed by the great legalist, Sergeant Plowden, a Catholic so firm, as to refuse the chancellorship, when urged to take it by Queen Elizabeth, because he would not change his religion.' "

WRIGHT'S NARRATIVES OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most Authentic Sources. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. Bentley.

A SATISFACTORY treatise on sorcery and magic can no more be expected from a person who does not believe in the devil, than a satisfactory treatise on theology from a person who does not believe in God. The author of these two volumes is one

of the ordinary class of Protestants of the present day, who really believe in just what they see, and nothing more. Probably, if asked any such unphilosophical question as, "Do you believe that there is such a being as the devil?" Mr. Wright would hesitate as to expressing his total disbelief in any thing so strange to the deductions of modern science and modern book-making. Nevertheless, he has about as much belief in the existence of the nine Muses as in the practical interference of Satan in the affairs of men. The Bible, it is true,—that unlucky book for Protestant philosophisers,—speaks of satanic possessions, witches, devils, and so forth, as realities; but "no doubt these are all mythical accommodations to the superstitions of the Jews," says the school to which Mr. Wright belongs. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*; the very idea of any personal intercourse between man and Satan is absurd. Sorcery and witchcraft are simply subjects for literary investigation, in company with other old-world delusions; Satan himself has long ago disappeared, in company with the phoenix, and the men who carried their heads below their shoulders. The farce of exorcism is still only kept up by the Papists, in order to foster in the ignorant a belief in sacerdotal power."

These ideas, indeed, are not put out by Mr. Wright in any philosophic or carefully-elaborated form. His book is little more than a mere collection of stories of witches and sorcerers, strung together with flimsy links of observation and reflection. Still, his scepticism in the invisible world is quite undisguised, and his hatred of Catholicism is of the true vulgar *littérateur* stamp. His book has also another great demerit. He prints on his title-page that his "narratives" are "from the most authentic sources;" but he has not bestowed on the reader the slightest information as to the authenticity of each "narrative" itself. He has merely jumbled together a heap of tales, in a sort of chronological order; some historically true; others glaringly false, though professedly true; others mere popular legends; and others verging on the professedly fictitious. The whole is a sheer piece of book-making, just suited to the atmosphere of book-clubs and circulating libraries; but as a contribution to the literature of the subject very nearly worthless. "From the most authentic sources" means just that Mr. Wright has not falsified the originals from which he has copied his stories, and nothing more.

Many of the tales themselves, taken simply as illustrations of a past state of society, or as episodes in the history of religious error, are curious enough. Mr. Wright would have us believe, as he tells us in his preface, that they serve to shew how "the paganism of our forefathers, instead of being

eradicated by Papal Rome, was preserved as a useful instrument of power, and fostered until it grew into a monster far more fearful and degrading than the original from which it sprang, and infinitely more cruel in its influence." The discriminating reader, however, will deduce even from Mr. Wright's pages a judgment the very reverse of this, and will see how incessantly the Church has laboured to put an end to every thing like a pampering of the superstitions of the vulgar, while the *secular* great and wealthy have been the chief employers of unholy things for the purpose of accomplishing their abominable ends. In actual fact, further, Protestantism, since it has existed, has had quite as much to do with sorcery and witchcraft as Catholicism. No mediæval agitations were more exaggerated or cruel than those which have seized upon the Calvinistic inhabitants of New England and of Scotland, and upon the sober race which glories in the name of Anglo-Saxon. To assert that "Papal Rome" employed the old superstitions for her own ambitious purposes, is purely ridiculous. You might as well allege that the English Catholic clergy of the present day were given to cherishing superstitions, and inventing sham miracles, for the purpose of enthralling the intellects of the laity. We have little doubt that in old times, as now, the priesthood was the great discourager of credulity; and that easy as it might have been to cheat a priest in matters of *this* world, it was hard enough to get him to lend his countenance to any tale claiming to be supernatural. Mr. Wright would probably have his own explanation for this fact: he would say that priests being all rogues themselves, were naturally suspicious of roguery in others; as a thief looks upon all mankind as burglars or pickpockets. We, on the contrary, who judge the priesthood by facts and by personal knowledge, and knowing that craft and roguery are the very last of sins to be attributed to them, recognise in their habitual cautiousness of belief the working of that spirit of prudence which dwells in the Catholic Church, and makes her as slow to believe without proof, as she is ready to believe with proof.

One of the most singular of the "narratives" is the story of Doctor Torralva,

"A physician in the family of the Admiral of Castile. Torralva was born at Cuença, but at the age of fifteen he was sent to Rome, where he became attached to the Bishop of Volterra, Francesco Soderini, in the quality of a page. He now pursued with great earnestness the study of philosophy and medicine under Dom Cipion and the masters Mariana, Avanselo, and Maguera, until he obtained the degree of doctor in medicine. Under these teachers, Torralva learnt to have doubts of the immortality of the soul and the divinity of

Christ, and made great advances in scepticism. About the year 1501, when he was already a practitioner in medicine at Rome, he formed a very intimate acquaintance with one master Alfonso, a man who had first quitted the Jewish faith for Mahomedanism, from which he had been converted to Christianity, and he had then finally adopted natural religion, or deism. This man's discourses overthrew the little faith that still remained in Torralva's mind, and he became a confirmed sceptic; although he appears to have concealed his opinions from the world, and perhaps he subsequently renounced them.

"Among Torralva's friends at Rome was a Dominican monk, called brother Pietro, who told him one day that he had in his service 'an angel of the order of good spirits,' named Zequiël, who was so powerful in the knowledge of the future and of hidden things, that he was without his equal in the spiritual world; and of such a peculiar temper that, while other spirits made bargains with their employers before they would give them their services, Zequiël was so disinterested that he despised all considerations of this kind, and served only in friendship those who placed their confidence in him and deserved his attachment. The least attempt at restraint, brother Pietro said, would drive him away for ever.

"Torralva's curiosity was excited; and when brother Pietro generously proposed to resign the familiar spirit to his friend, the offer was eagerly accepted. It appears that the person most concerned in this transaction made no objection to the change of masters, and at the summons of brother Pietro, Zequiël made his appearance, in the form of a fair young man, with light hair, and dressed in a flesh-coloured habit and black surtout. He addressed himself to Torralva, and said: 'I will be yours as long as you live, and will follow you wherever you are obliged to go.' From this time Zequiël appeared to Torralva at every change of the moon, and as often as the physician wanted his services, which was generally for the purpose of transporting him in a short space of time to distant places. In these interviews the spirit took sometimes the semblance of a traveller, and sometimes that of a hermit. In his intercourse with Torralva, he said nothing contrary to Christianity, but accompanied him to church, and never counselled him to evil; from which circumstances the physician concluded that his familiar was a good angel. He always conversed in the Latin or Italian languages.

"Rome had now become to Torralva a second country; but about the year 1502 he went to Spain, and subsequently he travelled through most parts of Italy, until he again fixed himself at Rome, under the protection of his old patron the Bishop of Volterra, who had been made a cardinal on the 31st of May, 1503. With this introduction he soon obtained the favour of others of the cardinals, and rose to high repute for his skill in medicine. Having met at this time with some books on chiromancy, he became an eager student in that art, in the knowledge of which he subsequently surpassed most of his contemporaries. Torralva owed his medical knowledge partly

to his familiar, who taught him the secret virtues of many plants, with which other physicians were not acquainted; and when the practitioner took exorbitant fees, Zequiél rebuked him, telling him that, since he had received his knowledge for nothing, he ought to impart it gratuitously. And when on several occasions Torralva was in want of money, he found a supply in his chamber, which he believed was furnished him by the good spirit, who, however, would never acknowledge that he was the secret benefactor who had relieved him from his embarrassment.

“Torralva returned to Spain in 1510, and lived for some time at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic. One day Zequiél, whose informations were usually of a political character, told him that the king would soon receive disagreeable news. Torralva immediately communicated this piece of information to Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop of Toledo (who was subsequently raised to the dignity of Cardinal, and made Inquisitor-general of Spain), and the grand captain Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova. The same day a courier arrived with despatches from Africa, containing intelligence of the ill success of the expedition against the Moors, and of the death of Don Garcia de Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, who commanded it.

“Torralva seems to have made no secret of his intercourse with Zequiél. He had received his familiar from a monk, and the spirit is said to have shewn himself to the Cardinal of Volterra at the physician's wish; the latter now did not hesitate to acquaint the Archbishop of Toledo and the grand captain how he came by his early intelligence. The archbishop earnestly desired to be permitted to have the same privilege as the Italian cardinal, and Torralva wished to gratify him, but Zequiél refused; though he softened his refusal by telling him to inform the archbishop that he would one day be a king, a prophecy which was believed to be fulfilled when he was made absolute governor of Spain and the Indies. * * *

“It was not long before he again returned to Spain, where, about the year 1516, the Cardinal of Santa Cruz, Don Bernardino de Carbajal, consulted him on a subject of some importance. A Spanish lady named Rosales had complained to Don Bernardino that her nights were disturbed by a phantom which appeared in the form of a murdered man. The cardinal had sent his physician, Dr. Morales, who watched at night with the lady, but saw no apparition, although she gave him notice of its appearance, and pointed out the place where it stood. Don Bernardino hoped to know more of the matter by the means of Torralva, and he requested him to go with the physician Morales to pass the night in the lady's house. They went together, and an hour after midnight they heard the lady's cry of alarm, and went into her room, where, as before, Morales saw nothing. But Torralva, who was better acquainted with the spiritual world, perceived a figure resembling a dead man, behind which appeared another apparition in the form of a woman. He asked with a firm voice, ‘What dost thou seek here?’ to which the apparition replied, ‘A treasure,’ and immediately disappeared. Tor-

ralva consulted Zequiél on this subject, and was informed that there was buried under the house the corpse of a man who had been stabbed to death with a poniard. * * *

"In 1520, Torralva went again to Rome. Being at Valladolid, he told Diego de Zuñiga of his intentions, informing him that he had the means of travelling there with extraordinary rapidity; that he had but to place himself astride on a stick, and he was carried through the air, guided by a cloud of fire. On his arrival at Rome, he saw the Cardinal of Volterra and the grand prior of the order of St. John, who were very earnest with him that he should give them his familiar spirit. Torralva entreated Zequiél to comply with their wish, but in vain. In 1525, Zequiél recommended him to return to Spain, assuring him that he would obtain the place of physician to the Infanta Eleanor, queen dowager of Portugal, and subsequently consort of François I. of France. Torralva obeyed the suggestion of his monitor, and obtained the promised appointment.

"It was after his return to Spain, and before he obtained this appointment, that a circumstance occurred which added greatly to Torralva's celebrity. On the evening of the 5th of May, of the year last mentioned (1525), the physician received a visit from Zequiél, who told him that Rome would be taken next day by the troops of the emperor, and Torralva desired to be taken to Rome to see this important event. They left Valladolid together at eleven o'clock at night on foot, as if to take a walk; but at a short distance from the town Zequiél gave his companion a stick full of knots, and said: 'Shut your eyes, and fear nothing; take this in your hand, and no harm will happen to you.' After a little time, at Zequiél's bidding, Torralva opened his eyes, and he found himself so near the sea, that he could have touched the water with his hand; and the black cloud which had previously enveloped him gave place immediately to so bright a light, that he was afraid of being burnt. Zequiél saw his alarm, and rebuked him for it in a familiar phrase, '*No temas, bestia fiera!*' (fear nothing, stupid fellow.) Torralva then shut his eyes again, and after awhile felt himself on the solid ground, and heard his companion bid him open his eyes, and see if he knew where he was. He recognised the city of Rome spread out before him, and knew that he was standing on the tower of Nona. The clock of the castle of St. Angelo was just striking the hour of midnight, so that they had been exactly one hour on their journey. The city was then shrouded in night, and they waited till daybreak, when they passed through the different parts of the city, and witnessed the events of that terrible day; the attack of the besiegers, the death of the Constable of Bourbon, the flight of the Pope into the Castle of St. Angelo, the terror and slaughter of the citizens, the pollution of the churches, and the wild riot of the conquerors. It took them an hour and a half to return to Valladolid; and when Zequiél left the doctor there, he said to him: 'In future you will believe all I tell you.' Torralva immediately made public all he had seen during this extraordinary excursion; and when in due course

of time news arrived of the capture and sack of Rome, the court of Spain was filled with astonishment.

“Torralva’s fame as a magician was now in every body’s mouth ; and it seems that men of high rank, both in church and state, had been cognisant of, if not accomplices in, his practices of forbidden arts. It was at length by one of his intimate friends that he was denounced to the Inquisitors, who would perhaps have taken no notice of him had they not been urged to the pursuit. Diego de Zuñiga, the same who had been so long a confidant in his intercourse with the familiar, and who had even benefited by his arts to profit at the gambling-table, had suddenly become fanatical and superstitious. Not satisfied with repentance for his own sins, Zuñiga denounced Torralva to the Inquisition of Cuença ; and when the doctor visited that city at the beginning of the year 1528, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He immediately confessed all his dealings with Zequiël, whom he persisted in regarding as a good angel, and made no less than eight several written declarations ; the same in effect, but contradicting each other in some of the particulars. As these seem to have been thought not to be entirely satisfactory, Torralva was put to the torture, the result of which was that he declared himself convinced that Zequiël was a demon. He said that his familiar had warned him that a danger hung over him if he went to Cuença at that time, but that he had disregarded the admonition.

“The Inquisitors now changed their severity to indulgence ; and on the 6th of March, 1529, they suspended Torralva’s process for a year. But before the expiration of that period a new accuser presented himself, and deposed to his disputes at Rome in his younger days on the immortality of the soul and the divinity of Jesus Christ. This placed the question in a new light ; and Torralva underwent examination again on the 29th of January, 1530, when he made a new declaration on the subject of his early education and opinions. The case now assumed a still more serious character ; and the Inquisitors of Cuença having communicated with the supreme council of the Inquisition in Spain, received directions to appoint some pious and learned persons to labour for the conversion of the accused, and to persuade him to renounce, sincerely and absolutely, the science of chiromancy, his intercourse with Zequiël, and all treaties he might have entered into with the evil one, for the unburdening of his conscience and the salvation of his soul. The Inquisitors entrusted this task to brother Augustino Barragan, prior of the convent of Dominicans at Cuença, and Diego Manriques, a canon of the cathedral ; and these men laboured with so much zeal and effect, that Torralva agreed to do every thing they wished, except that he would not undertake to see Zequiël no more. For it appears that the familiar remained so far faithful to his original promise, that he continued to visit Torralva in the prison of the Inquisition, and the doctor represented to his converters that he was obliged to see him whether he would or not. The Inquisitors themselves were so credulous, that

they requested their prisoner to inquire of Zequiél what was his opinion of the doctrines of Luther and Erasmus; and they were gratified beyond measure when they learnt that he condemned the two reformers, with this difference only, that he considered Luther to be a bad man, while he represented Erasmus as his superior in cunning and cleverness. Perhaps this piece of information brought Torralva a little into favour, and his treatment was not so rigorous as that experienced by many at the hands of the same prosecutors. On the 6th of March, 1531, he was condemned to make the general ordinary abjuration of heresies, to undergo the punishment of imprisonment and the *san benito* as long as it might please the Inquisitor-general, to undertake to have no further communication with the spirit Zequiél, and never to lend an ear to any of his proposals.

“Although Torralva had been betrayed by one friend, he had others who remained faithful to him. Before his celebrated journey to Rome in 1525, he had been appointed to the office of physician to the family of the Admiral of Castile, Don Frederico Enriquez, which he still held at the time of his arrest. The admiral had always proved himself a warm friend and a staunch protector; he did not desert him in his trials; and it was no doubt to his influential interference that Torralva owed what indulgence was shewn to him during his imprisonment. We have every reason to believe that it was through his protection also that, soon after the process was ended, the Inquisitor-general gave Torralva his pardon and set him at liberty, in consequence, as it was pretended, of his sincere repentance. The admiral received the magician again as his physician, and continued his favour and protection to him.

“Such is the history, taken entirely from his own declarations and confessions, of a magician whose fame has been immortalised in *Don Quixote*.”

The readers of Walter Scott are familiar with the ghost-story in the novel of *Woodstock*. Mr. Wright gives it as originally told. Whether it *was* trick or no, has never apparently been discovered; though we see no reason why the devil should not torment the puritan commissioners as well as their cavalier foes. Mr. Wright winds up the tale with an “It is said;” the usual formula by which all professedly supernatural stories are disposed of. The story itself is not more strange than others to be heard of at the present day; but we give it as a specimen of a narrative totally unlike in character to that of the romantic Dr. Torralva.

“After Charles's death, the royal property was confiscated to the state, and commissioners were appointed by parliament to survey and sell the crown lands. Among the royal estates was the manor of Woodstock, of which the parliamentary commissioners were sent to take possession in the month of October, 1649. The more fana-

tical part of the opponents of royalty had always taught that, through witches and otherwise, the devil was actively engaged in the service of their opponents, battling against them; and they now found him resolved upon more open hostilities than ever. On the 3d of October the commissioners, with their servants, went to the manor-hall, and took up their lodgings in the king's own rooms, the bed-chamber and withdrawing-room: the former they used as their kitchen, the council-hall was their brewhouse, the chamber of presence served as their place of sitting to despatch business, and the dining-room was used as a woodhouse, where they laid the wood of 'that ancient standard in the high park, known of all by the name of the king's oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots.' On the 14th and 15th they had little disturbance; but on the 16th there came, as they thought, something into the bed-chamber, where two of the commissioners and their servant lay, in the shape of a dog, which going under their bed, did as it were gnaw their bed-cords; but on the morrow finding them whole, and a quarter of beef which lay on the ground untouched, they 'began to entertain other thoughts.'—October 17th. Something, to their thinking, removed all the wood of the king's oak out of the dining-room to the presence-chamber, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down that room: from whence it came into the two chambers where the two commissioners and their servants lay, and hoisted up their bed-feet so much higher than their heads, that they thought they should have been turned over and over; and then let them fall down with such force, that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance; and then shook the bedsteads so violently, that they declared their bodies were sore with it. On the 18th something came into the chamber and walked up and down, and fetching the warming-pan out of the withdrawing-room, made so much noise that they thought fire-bells could not have made more. Next day trenchers were thrown up and down the dining-room, and at those who slept there; one of them being wakened, put forth his head to see what was the matter, and had trenchers thrown at him. On the 20th, the curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, the bedstead was much shaken, and eight great pewter dishes and three dozen of trenchers thrown about the bed-chamber again. This night they also thought a whole armful of the wood of the king's oak was thrown down in their chamber, but of that in the morning they found nothing had been moved. On the 21st, the keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay in one of the rooms with them, and on that night they were not disturbed at all. But on the 22d, though the bitch slept there again, to which circumstance they had ascribed their former night's rest, both they and it were in 'a pitiful taking,' the latter 'opening but once, and then with a whining fearful yelp.'—October 23. They had all their clothes plucked off them in the withdrawing-room, and the bricks fell out of the chimney into the room. On the 24th they thought in the dining-room that all the wood of the king's oak had been brought thither, and thrown

down close by their bed-side, which being heard by those of the withdrawing-room, 'one of them rose to see what was done, fearing indeed his fellow-commissioners had been killed, but found no such matter. Whereupon returning to his bed again, he found two or three dozen of trenchers thrown into it, and handsomely covered with the bed-clothes.'

"The commissioners persisted in retaining possession, and were subjected to new persecutions. On the 25th of October the curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and the bedstead shaken, as before; and in the bed-chamber, glass flew about so thick (and yet not one of the chamber-windows broken), that they thought it had rained money; whereupon they lighted candles, but 'to their grief they found nothing but glass.' On the 29th something going to the window opened and shut it, then going into the bed-chamber, it threw great stones for half an hour's time, some whereof fell on the high-bed, others on the truckle-bed, to the number in all of above fourscore. This night there was also a very great noise, as if forty pieces of ordnance had been shot off together. It astonished all the neighbourhood, and it was thought it must have been heard a great way off. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the commissioners and their servants were struck with so great horror, that they cried out one to another for help; whereupon one of them recovering himself out of a 'strange agony' he had been in, snatched a sword, and had like to have killed one of his brethren coming out of his bed in his shirt, whom he took for the spirit that did the mischief. However, at length they got all together; yet the noise continued so great and terrible, and shook the walls so much, that they thought the whole manor would have fallen on their heads. At the departure of the supernatural disturber of their repose, 'it took all the glass of the windows away with it.' On the 1st of November, something, as the commissioners thought, walked up and down the withdrawing-room, and then made a noise in the dining-room. The stones which were left before, and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all fetched away this night, and a great deal of glass (not like the former) thrown about again.

"On the 2d of November, there came something into the withdrawing-room, treading, as they conceived, much like a bear, which began by walking about for a quarter of an hour, and then at length it made a noise about the table, and threw the warming-pan so violently that it was quite spoiled. It threw also a glass and great stones at the commissioners again, and the bones of horses; and all so violently, that the bedstead and the walls were bruised by them. That night they planted candles all about the rooms, and made fires up to the 'rattle-trees' of the chimney, but all were put out, nobody knew how, the fire and burnt wood being thrown up and down the room; the curtains were torn with the rods from their beds, and the bed-posts pulled away, that the tester fell down upon them, and the feet of the bedstead were cloven into two. The servants in the truckle-bed, who lay all the time sweating for fear, were treated even

worse ; for there came upon them first a little which made them begin to stir, but before they could get out, it was followed by a whole tubful, as it were, of stinking ditch-water, so green that it made their shirts and sheets of that colour too. The same night the windows were all broke by throwing of stones, and there was most terrible noises in three several places together near them. Nay, the very rabbit-stealers who were abroad that night were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that for haste they left their ferrets in the holes behind them, beyond Rosamond's well. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God, what it would have, and what they had done that they should be so disturbed after this manner. To which no answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. At length it came again, and, as all of them said, brought seven devils worse than itself. Whereupon one of them lighted a candle again, and set it between the two chambers in the doorway ; on which another fixing his eyes, saw the similitude of a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the bed-chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the snuff to put it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw his sword, but he had scarce got it out, but there was another invisible hand had hold of it too, and tugged with him for it ; and prevailing, struck him so violently, that he was stunned with the blow. Then began violent noises again, insomuch that they calling to one another, got together, and went into the presence-chamber, where they said prayers and sang psalms ; notwithstanding all which, the thundering noises still continued in other rooms. After this, on the 3d of November, they removed their lodging over the gate ; and next day, being Sunday, went to Ewelme, 'where how they escaped the authors of the relation knew not, but returning on Monday, the devil (for that was the name they gave their nightly guest) left them not unvisited, nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they stayed.' The courage even of the devout commissioners of the parliament was not proof against a persecution like this, and the manor of Woodstock was relieved from their presence. It is said that one of the old retainers of the house, years afterwards, confessed that he had entered the service of the commissioners, in order, by playing these tricks upon them, which he was enabled to do by his intimate acquaintance with the secret passages of the lodge, to rescue it from their grasp."

We must give one more extract, as an illustration of Calvinistic exorcism. The story looks uncommonly like a cute hit at "prelacy and popery." Here we have a sort of Puseyite devil, with an intense love for five separate abominations ;—popish books, the "Book of Common Prayer," Oxford and Cambridge jests, Quakers' books, and a book written to prove there were no witches !

"There were in Boston, in North America, two ministers (father and son), who, for many reasons, held a distinguished place among

the clergy of New England, and their opinions were looked up to with the utmost respect. These were Increase and Cotton Mather, the first principal, and the second a fellow of Haward College. These men seem to have studied deeply the doctrines on the subject of witchcraft which had so long been held in Europe, and to have been fully convinced of their truth. Cotton Mather was called in to witness the afflictions with which Goodwin's children were visited, and not content with what he saw there, he took the girl whose visitations seemed most extraordinary to his own home, that he might examine her more leisurely; and he has left us a printed account of his observations. It appears that some of the stories of European witchcraft had been impressed on her mind; for when in her fits, she believed that the witches came for her with a horse, on which she rode to their meetings. Sometimes, in the presence of a number of persons, she would suddenly fall into a sort of trance; and then she would jump into a chair, and placing herself in a riding posture, move as if she were successively ambling, trotting, and galloping. At the same time she would talk with invisible company that seemed to go with her, and she would listen to their answers. After continuing in this way two or three minutes, she seemed to think herself at a meeting of the witches, a great distance from the house where she was sitting; then she would return again on her imaginary horse, and come to herself again; and on one occasion she told Cotton Mather of three persons she had seen at the meeting. Dr. Mather's simplicity, to say the least, was shewn by the sort of experiments he made on this fantastical patient. When she was in her fits, and therefore under the influence of Satan, she read or listened to bad books with pleasure, but good books threw her into convulsions. He tried her with the Bible, the Assembly's Catechism, his grandfather Cotton Mather's *Milk for Babes*, and his father Increase's *Remarkable Providences*, with a treatise written to prove the reality of witchcraft and the existence of witches. These good books, Cotton Mather tells us, 'were mortal to her;' they threw her into trances and convulsions. Next he tried her with books of a different character, such as Quakers' books (the Quakers were looked upon with a very evil eye in New England), Popish books, the Cambridge and Oxford Jests, a Prayer-book (against which the Puritans always professed the greatest hostility), and a book written to prove that there were no witches. These the devil let her read as long as she liked; and he shewed particular respect to the Prayer-book, even allowing her to read the passages of Scripture in it, although he threw her into the most dreadful sufferings if she attempted to read the same texts in the Bible."

SHORT NOTICES.

MR. FINLASON has followed up his pamphlet on the Papal Supremacy by another: *The Catholic Hierarchy vindicated by the Law of England* (Dolman). The argument is novel, curious, and important, and the author has treated it with great learning and acuteness. We recommend it to the study of all persons who would acquaint themselves with the relationship of Church and State in this country before the Reformation.

One of the most admirable of books, *Thomas à Kempis's Following of Christ*, has at length found a fit translator. The new translation just issued by Burns and Lambert gives the original with all its own exquisite simplicity and grace. A few good illustrations make the edition every thing that can be desired.

A few Words about Music, by M. H. (Novello), is an intelligent and agreeable little collection of suggestions and information well worth the attention of amateur pianists. The authoress appends a sketch of the rise and progress of the art of music, which adds to the value of her work.

The authoress of *Kate Devereux, a Story of Modern Life* (Bentley), has succeeded in writing a novel which, though only incidentally touching on Catholic subjects, gives a truthful representation of all that it introduces. The story itself shews a good deal of cleverness, and claims a very fair place among the novels of the season.

The Third Annual Report of the Missionary College of Drumcondra (Dublin, Fowler), like its predecessors, is full of interest, and shews undeniably the distinguished merits of the Catholic Missionary College of Ireland. Few "Reports" are so well worth reading. We should remind our English readers that some of the students having come to serve English missions, the College has a special as well as general claim on their support.

The Bishop and the Cross, by Franciscus (Richardson), is a severe handling of Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London, for his recent offensive remarks on the use of the Cross as an incentive to devotion.

Mr. Collin de Plancy's Legends of the Seven Capital Sins (Dolman), now first translated, forms a sequel to his *Legends on the Commandments*. Like the latter, they are not imaginary narratives; and they are really one of the best collections of historical illustrations of Catholic doctrines and morals that are to be met with.

The Order of Laying the First Stone of a New Church, according to the Roman Pontifical (Burns and Lambert) is a useful reprint.

The London Catholic Church and Chapel Directory (Dolman) is a convenient and opportune manual for visitors to London.

Correspondence.

PROPOSAL FOR A "PRIEST'S PORTFOLIO."

To the Editor of the Rambler.

St. Peter's, Great Marlow, May 29, 1851.

DEAR MR. RAMBLER,—I think I have sometimes seen letters appended to your spirited journal; so that if I ask you to publish a few lines in the same form, I shall not be claiming any infraction of your editorial rules. I wish, through you, to put out a feeler to the Clergy in general, whether it would not be practicable for us Priests to have a little periodical of our own. I have heard more than one Priest express his sense of our want of something of the kind; and they were men who would be of the greatest assistance to such a publication, if it were begun. Priests have what one might almost call a language of their own, to the uninitiated bystander as unintelligible as the "*Ordo recitandi*" was to Exeter Hall. And Priests take interest in things that few others care about; at all events, when carried to the minute detail to which we carry them. In a country like ours, in which Priests see so little of one another, it would be a matter of the greatest convenience for us to have a journal of our own, in which we might communicate with one another on points that interest ourselves. I should therefore think that a little sheet, which might be called the "*Priest's Portfolio*," would do good service in these times. The object would not be for those who had questions to ask to send them to be answered by the oracular acuteness of a newspaper editor; but that in one number half a dozen Priests might print questions that they wish to propose to their brethren, and that then in succeeding numbers one might send his opinion, and another some other solution; and thus doubtful points might be, what "*D. C. L.*" calls, ventilated. Thus Priests who have access to good libraries might be of very great assistance to those who have not such a privilege. Again, Priests who have been educated in different places might be of great use to one another. Of course, it would require some consideration to determine the limits of such a design; whether, for instance, it should be allowable to ask the solution of moral cases. My own view was rather directed to doubts in rubric and canon law; and as these are matters of book knowledge, what we used to call "*cram*," it would be very useful to be able to write and ask any Priest who had such and such a book to tell me what it said. The questions that we should wish to ask one another would be generally totally inapplicable to the pages of a newspaper, as well as uninteresting to most readers. I give a specimen or two of the sort of question that I should be glad to ask:

1. I am told that perhaps Pope Clement XIV. granted four of the eight Indulgences, in addition to the four given by Benedict XIV., and that my informant thinks he has seen some rescript in an *Ordo* of 1776, or thereabouts. Can any one find any *direct* act of the Pope granting those four? or any act giving any validity to that for SS Peter and Paul? And what effect has the rescript of Sept. 29, 1850? Can it validate what seems really never to have existed?

2. By what right is St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi kept in England on the 3d of June? Do those who say her office on that day satisfy the obligation?

3. What ceremony is to be used for the communion of persons in health, in their own houses or in prisons?

4. What is the authority of the English Ritual? Which is the original and authorised edition? Because of course it requires great authority to supplant the Roman Ritual.

5. Should the server kneel or stand during the *Credo* in a low Mass?

6. What constitutes the publication of an Indulgence by the Ordinary? Is any thing required beyond the countersignature and seal?

7. Are those Masses allowed in which the words of the *Gloria* or *Credo* are curtailed for the choir?

Besides questions such as these, a Priest may wish to know the date and reference to decrees of the different Congregations, especially of the Rites; for *Gardellini* is not within every one's reach, and the *Manuale Decretorum* has no index. It would be very useful too to be able to print a bull for the use of those who cannot afford to buy a *Bullarium*, such as that of Pope Alexander VII. on the College oath. And now also when diocesan synods begin to be held, and canon-law books are not in great abundance among us, those who are happy in their libraries can make themselves exceedingly useful.

And further, a Priest is sometimes obliged for some special purpose to study a subject with care; if he had some strictly clerical journal in which to publish his paper, it would be the means of preserving from destruction essays well worth preservation.

However, Sir, I should be greatly pleased if we had the means of talking to one another, perhaps something in the style of "Notes and Queries:" and I am sure that to Priests such a publication would, in a short time, be full of interest.

I am, Mr. Rambler,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN MORRIS.

[There would be one great difficulty in the way of the success of such a publication as our Correspondent proposes; *it could not possibly pay its expenses* while the number of our Clergy remains so small. We think, however, that the object proposed might, to a great extent, be attained by the insertion of such "Notes and Queries" as Mr. Morris suggests in this portion of the *Rambler* itself. There are probably few Priests who would subscribe to the supposed periodical, who do not see the *Rambler* regularly; and as the queries and their answers would never be very lengthy, we could easily devote to them whatever space was necessary for the purpose. The object appears most desirable; and there can be little doubt that many of the questions proposed would have an interest to others besides the clergy; though a periodical *professedly* clerical in its contents would obtain few lay subscribers. Any replies which we may receive to the questions here proposed by Mr. Morris, with any further queries from other quarters, we shall be happy to insert in our next Number. To insure insertion, all communications must reach the publisher of the *Rambler* by the 10th of each month, and must be directed, *To the Editor of the Rambler, to the care of Messrs. Burns and Lambert, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London.* Brevity also must be always consulted, as far as circumstances will permit. All communications to be postpaid.—EDIT. RAMBLER.]

ST. JOSEPH AND MR. PUGIN.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Mr. Pugin remarks in his late publication, that “the idea of representing St. Joseph holding our Lord in his arms” is “in utter opposition to the ancient school of Christian art,” and “shews a disregard of ancient traditions.” This is indeed strange language, coming from Mr. Pugin, as the following fact will fully shew. He was commissioned, not very long since, to design and order two stained glass windows for the community-room of the Convent of Mercy in this town; one of our Blessed Lady and one of St. Joseph. In due course of time they reached their destination, and were fitted up in the south end of the room. It is needless to observe that they are all that the true lover of true Christian art could desire. From the relative position in which they are placed, they were evidently designed to form an harmonious contrast the one to the other. Our Blessed Lady is standing *alone*, with a book in one hand:

“The Virgin Mother ever blest,
Sweetest, gentlest, holiest.”

In the other window St. Joseph is represented “*holding our Lord in his arms* ;” and the Divine Child is looking towards him with the most intense love and affection. How will Mr. Pugin reconcile the fact of these two windows with his present theory?

I may be allowed to add, that several Bishops and persons in high ecclesiastical authority have seen the above windows, and as yet no murmur of disapprobation or condemnation has been heard. On the contrary, all have praised them. The idea so beautifully embodied in them is the very idea embodied in the Church’s office, and repeatedly affirmed by the whole Church throughout the year.

“Tu natum Dominum stringis,” &c.
“Thine arms embrace thy Maker.”

Your obedient servant,

J. J. MULLIGAN.

Nottingham, May 26, 1851.

Ecclesiastical Register.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

THE following articles, extracted from the *Concordat* just established between the Holy See and Spain, deserve the special attention of all Catholics who profess to be supporters of the theory of "religious liberty." They are taken from the translation just published in the *Tablet*.

THE SPANISH CONCORDAT,

Agreed upon between his Holiness and her Catholic Majesty, signed at Madrid on the 16th of March, 1851, and ratified by her Majesty on the 1st April, and by his Holiness on the 23d of the same month.

[Translated from the *Gaceta de Madrid* of May 12th, 1851.]

His Holiness the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., having a lively desire of providing for the good of religion and the usefulness of the Church of Spain, in the pastoral solicitude which he entertains for all faithful Catholics, and in his especial good will for the renowned and devout Spanish nation; and her majesty, the Catholic Queen Isabella II., animated by the same desire, directed by piety and by a sincere adherence to the apostolic see—sentiments which she has inherited from her ancestors—have resolved to conclude a solemn concordat, in which shall be regulated all ecclesiastical affairs in a stable and canonical manner.

For this end the Sovereign Pontiff has been pleased to nominate for his minister plenipotentiary his Excellency Don Juan Brunelli, Archbishop of Thessalonica, domestic prelate of his holiness, assistant to the pontifical throne, and nuncio apostolic in the kingdom of Spain, with the powers of legate *à latere*; and her majesty the Catholic Queen, the Lord Don Manuel Bertran de Lis, Knight Grand Cross of the royal and distinguished order of Charles III. of Spain, of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus of Sardinia, of the order of Francis I. of Naples, deputy to the Cortes and her minister of foreign affairs; who, after having mutually given in their full powers respectively, and recognised the authenticity thereof, have agreed to the following:—

Art. 1. The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, which, to the exclusion of all other worship, continues to be the sole religion of the Spanish people, shall always be preserved in the states of her Catholic Majesty, with all the rights and prerogatives which it ought to enjoy according to the laws of God and the dispositions of the sacred canons.

Art. 2. Consequently instruction in the universities, colleges, seminaries, and public or private schools of what class soever, shall be entirely conformable to the doctrine of the Catholic religion, and the bishops and other diocesan prelates, charged by their office to watch over the purity of doctrine, of faith, and of morals, shall never meet with any obstacle in the exercise of this surveillance, even in the public schools.

Art. 3. The prelates and the other sacred ministers aforesaid shall never meet with any hindrance in the exercise of their functions; no person shall molest them, on any pretext, in whatever relates to the fulfilment of the duties of their office; on the contrary, all the authorities of the kingdom shall take care to render, and to cause to be rendered, to them the respect and consideration which are due to them according

to the divine precepts, and will see that nothing be done which can bring on them disrespect or contempt.

Her Majesty and her royal government will lend their powerful patronage and their support to the bishops in cases where they shall ask it, principally where they shall have occasion to oppose themselves to the malice of men who attempt to pervert the minds of the faithful, and to corrupt their morals, or where they shall have occasion to hinder the publication, introduction, or circulation of bad or hurtful books.

Art. 4. In all other things belonging to the right and to the exercise of the ecclesiastical authority, and to the ministry of the sacred orders, the bishops and the clergy depending on them shall enjoy the full liberty which the sacred canons establish.

As an illustration of the mode in which "religious liberty" is understood in Italy, the *Examiner* has recently given the following:

On the 7th May last, the Count Piero Guicciardini, a man of well-known loyalty and excellent character, met six others in a private house at Florence. In the course of the interview, the Count read and expounded a chapter of St. John's Gospel. Before they separated, eight armed officers entered the house, and having ascertained what had been done, led them away to the public prison, where they were confined ten days, and repeatedly examined. At last, they were sentenced to a forced residence for six months in different parts of the Tuscan Maremme. The decree of the Council of Prefecture in which this sentence is declared, after specifying the names of the offenders and other particulars, thus proceeds:

"Whereas it is equally proved by the declarations of the accused themselves, that on this occasion Count Piero Guicciardini read and commented on a chapter of the Gospel of St. John, according to the Italian translation attributed to Giovanni Diodati: whereas the results of the process offer valid and sufficient proofs to conclude that this reading and comment had no other purpose than mutually to insinuate into the parties religious sentiments and principles contrary to those prescribed by the Roman Catholic apostolic religion, and this idea is manifestly and incontrovertibly confirmed by propositions and perverse maxims proclaimed in the books and manuscripts found on the persons and in the homes of the aforesaid accused: whereas on the ground of the evidence, it ought to be concluded that previous to the said evening of the 7th of May, by means of the same individuals, there had taken place at different epochs and localities, where other parties were present, similar meetings, always directed to insinuate and propagate anti-Catholic sentiments and principles: whereas from these facts there follows necessarily the proof of the existence of a plot directed to overthrow the religion of the State, and that of this plot the above-named Count Piero Guicciardini, Cesare Magrini, Angelo Guarducci, Fedele Betti, Carlo Solaini, Sebastiano Borsieri, and Giuseppe Guerra, have become the accomplices. For these reasons, having seen the 2d article of the sovereign decree of the 25th April, 1851, the Council decree that the aforesaid parties must be subjected to a forced residence for six months respectively; Count Piero Guicciardini at Volterra, Cesare Magrini at Montieri, Angelo Guarducci at Gluncarico, Fedele Betti at Orbetello, Carlo Solaini at Cinigiano, Sebastiano Borsieri at Rocca Strada, and Giuseppe Guerra at Piombino. And in conformity with the order of the Prefecture of this day, there is assigned to * * * the term of twenty-four hours to remove from the capital, with the obligation to

present himself within the term of four days with the passport which has been given him before the delegate of government of the district of * * * there to commence undergoing his penalty, at the risk of being taken by force, in case of disobedience.

“ From the Delegation of Government of the quarter of Sta. Maria Novelle, 16th May, 1851. G. BARTOLINI, Chancellor.

“ Per copia conforme, D. Pettinucci.”

The *Examiner* says, “ Six of the condemned have been since permitted to leave Tuscany, instead of undergoing the penalty of compulsory residence in the unwholesome Maremme.”

MISSION AND VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF MADURA, EAST INDIES.

WE are anxious to call attention to the subjoined statement of a case which has very strong claims on English Catholics:

The Vicariate of Madura is situated in the southern part of the peninsula of Hindostan, and comprises a district of about 200 miles long, and 120 broad. It contains about 150,000 Catholics, scattered here and there, in a country inhabited by about three or four millions of Hindoos and Mussulmans. It is entirely under the English dominion.

St. Francis Xavier was the first missionary of the Society of Jesus who preached our holy religion in this country; he evangelised and frequently visited the sea-coasts, and once, disappearing for eight days, he penetrated alone into the interior, but returned, saying, that “ these people were not as yet prepared to receive the kingdom of God.”

Rev. Father de Nobilii, nephew of Cardinal Bellarmin, was the first who succeeded in establishing Christianity in the interior. He converted thousands to the faith, and his labours were followed up for near 150 years by a constant succession of Jesuit missionaries, many of whom sealed their faith with their blood; amongst others the Venerable P. de Britto, the cause of whose canonisation is at present under consideration. The mission remained in the hands of the Society of Jesus until the suppression of the order; afterwards, by degrees, as the missionaries then in the country died, their places were supplied by native clergy from Goa, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. The want of zeal and education among these clergymen gradually caused the congregations in the different districts to fall away, until little remained but the bare name of Catholic. This continued till 1838, when, in consequence of repeated petitions from the Christians of the country, the mission was again confided to the Society of Jesus.

The Goa clergy, then in possession of all our ancient churches in India, refused to acknowledge any orders from Rome which were not forwarded through their own government; they rose in open resistance, opposed in every possible way the return of the European missionaries, and positively refused all obedience to the Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic appointed by Rome. Hence what is termed the Goa schism.

Since 1838 more than sixty Jesuit missionaries have been sent out to the Madura Vicariate, and above one-third of that number, in the short space of ten years, have fallen victims to the climate and to the privations inseparable from their position. Amongst those whose loss was most severely felt, were Rev. Father Garnier, the superior of the mis-